

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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Muller	Egg	Parker	Poole
Danby	Phillip	J. Wilson	Watts
Ripplingill	Stephanoff	Davis	&c.

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Martin Zagal	Snyderhof	Sharp
Marc Antonio	Bolswert	Morghen
Albert Durer	Edelink	Deanoyers
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Prince Rupert	Strange	

And etchings by—
Rembrandt Claude Swanevelt
Berghem Van Dyck
Both Stoop

And others of equal importance. The whole have been selected with great taste and judgment from the principal collections that have been dispersed both publicly and privately during the last few years. The impressions are generally most beautiful, and in the most perfect condition.

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WATER COLOURS.—The Fourteenth Annual Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, from 9 o'clock till dusk. Admission, 1*s*. Catalogue, 6*d*. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Levana; or, the Doctrine of Education. Translated from the German of JEAN PAUL FETTER. Richter. London: Longman and Co.

A BEAUTIFUL translation of a very valuable and interesting book. Already we have introduced to the readers of THE CRITIC many of the works of JEAN PAUL, and they are probably now sufficiently familiar with the peculiarities of his style not to be deterred from a perusal of the entire volume by the difficulties which undoubtedly meet them at the beginning from his quaint phrases and the curious turns of thought as well as of expression in which he was wont to indulge. They will be particularly apparent in the first chapter of *Levana*; but, that past, the beauties of the book begin to open upon us, and we see the concentrated wisdom which he has put forth in these scraps of prose-poetry, and odd similes and lofty thoughts adorning homely topics.

Here he discourses to his family circle about education, broaching his own ideas, which can scarcely be said to have shaped themselves into a theory; and suggesting a thousandfold more of thought than he conveys. Into these we cannot attempt to penetrate with purpose to present an outline of them. Such a book will not endure being abstracted, for it is in itself an abstract. But a few extracts will shew the sort of wisdom that is to be found within it.

He ranges from the loftiest to the most commonplace themes, and is original and impressive in all. Thus, in a discourse on "Baths," he introduces a new one:—

THE THUNDER-STORM BATH.

There is still one kind of bath, hitherto unused, which would be very advantageous, both to parents and children; I mean a thunder-storm bath. Physicians employ in their experiments on nervous invalids, electric air, electric plates, electric baths; but thunder, or rather thunder-water, they have not as yet prescribed. Have they never experienced that a person never feels so fresh, cheerful, and elastic as after a warm or tepid rain has penetrated to the skin? Since human beings, when dry again after a storm, feel so much invigorated, and the world of flowers still more so, why will they not receive this united fire and water baptism from above, and suffer themselves to be raised and healed by the wonder-working arm in the thunder-cloud? One ought to have an especial rain or bathing suit of clothes, as a frequenter of the spring cloud-baths; and then, when there is promise of wet weather, make a rain-party, and return home dripping. The bath company must, alas! change their clothes—the only thing about it which does not please me. The shepherd boy, even in the cold rainy days of November, takes no chest of clothes with him to the field; neither does any French soldier who has marched himself warm all day in the rain, and lies down at night on the cold ground; the fisher stands with his feet in the water and his head in the sun, precisely breaking and reversing the physician's rule;—yet the only hundred-and-seventy year old man in England was a fisher, and had previously been a soldier, and a beggar! Heavens! with what a fair play-ground and free city of the body is our mind originally surrounded! and how long must it have been the slave of sin and of opinion ere it was condemned to be the chained helmsman or ship-mover of the body!

In this strain does he write on

EDUCATION.

No former age or people is to be compared with any since the invention of printing; for since that time there have been no more isolated states, and consequently no isolated influence of the state on its component parts. Strangers and returned travellers, whom Lycargus excluded from his republic, like episodes and the intervention of gods from the dramatic unities, now traverse every country under the name of missals and waste paper. No one is any longer alone, not even an island in the most distant sea; thence comes it that the political balance of power of many states, collected under one arm of the balance, is now first mooted. Europe is an interlaced, misgrown, banyan forest, round which the other quarters of the world creep, like parasite plants, and nourish themselves on its decayed parts. Books form a universal republic, a union of nations, or a society of Jesus, in a nobler sense, or a humane society, whereby a second or duplicate Europe arises; which, like London, lies in several counties and districts. As now, on the one side, the book-pollen flying everywhere, brings the disadvantage that no people can any longer produce a bed of flowers true and unspotted with foreign colours;—as now no state can be any longer formed purely, slowly, and by degrees from itself, but, like an Indian idol, composed of different animals, must see the various members of the neighbouring states mingled with its growth;—so, on the other side, through the ecumenic council of the book-world, the spirit of a provincial assembly can no longer slavishly enchain its people, and an invisible church frees it from the visible one.—And therefore we educate now with some hope for the age, because we know that the spoken word of the German teacher is re-echoed by the printed page; and that the citizen of the world, under the supervision of the universal republic, will not sink into the citizen of an injurious state, all the more because, though books may be dead, yet glorified men, their pupils, will ever hold themselves as their living relatives. That the age writes so much on education, shews at once its absence and the feeling of its importance. Only lost things are cried about the streets. The German State itself no longer educates sufficiently; consequently the teacher should do it in the nursery, from the pulpit, and from the desk. The forcing-houses in Rome and Sparta are destroyed,—in Sinai and in the Arabian desert some few yet stand,—the old circle, that the State should plan and direct the education, and this again act on that, has been very much rectified, or indeed squared, by the art of printing; for now men, elevated above all states, educate states; dead men, for instance, like Plato; just as in the deep old morning world, according to the saga, angels with glories wandered about, guided, like children, the new men who had sprung out of the ruins, and, having ended their instruction, vanished into heaven. The earth, according to Zach's ingenious idea, has been formed from congregated moons; one moon striking on the American side, drove the deluge over the old world; the sharp-pointed, wildly-up-piled Switzerland, is nothing more than a visible moon, that once tumbled from its pure ether down to the earth,—and so there is in intellectual Europe, far more than in any age or quarter of the world, not addicted to printing, a congregation of soul-worlds, or of world-souls, sent or fallen from heaven. The great man has now a higher throne, and his crown shines over a wider plain; for he works not only by action, but also by writing,—not only by his word, but also, like thunder, by an echo. So one mind influences its neighbouring minds, and through them the masses; as many little ships draw a large one into harbour, so inferior minds bring the great one to shore that it may be unladen.

Here he addresses himself

TO MOTHERS.

It is true that the sacrifices you make for the world will be little known by it—men govern and earn the glory; and the thousand watchful nights

and sacrifices, by which a mother purchases a hero, or a poet, for the state, are forgotten,—not once counted; for the mothers themselves do not count them; and so, one century after another, do mothers unnamed and unthanked, send forth the arrows, the suns, the storm-birds, and the nightingales of time! But seldom does a Cornelia find a Plutarch, who connects her name with the Gracchi. But as those two sons who bore their mother to the temple of Delphi were rewarded by death, so your guidance of your children will only find its perfect recompense at the termination of life.

What truth as well as poetry is there in the following:—

A REFLECTION.

Who is there who has not experienced in himself what I have done—that often a nosegay of wild flowers, which was to us, as village children, a grove of pleasure, has, in after years of manhood, and in the town, given us by its old perfume an indescribable transport back into god-like childhood; and how, like a flower goddess, it has raised us into the first embracing Aurora clouds of our first dim feelings? But how could such a remembrance so strongly affect us if our childish sensibility to flowers had not been so strong and heartfelt? Ascribe, then, to after life nothing more than the refinement of a deeply implanted feeling.

Fallacy of Ghosts, Dreams, and Omens; with Stories of Witchcraft, Life in Death, and Monomania. By CHARLES OLLIER, author of "Ferrals," &c. London, 1848, Ollier.

THIS is the antipodes of Mrs. CROWE'S *Night Side of Nature*. Mrs. CROWE approaches her subject with a conviction that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;" and with so much faith in spiritual appearances as amounts to an admission that "there is something in it," and an endeavour to treat the matter philosophically: Mr. OLLIER sets himself to the task with a predetermination to negative the conclusion, and with intent to disprove the assertions of those whom he terms the credulous. It must be admitted that Mr. OLLIER is clever and smart, and if ghosts are to be written down, his pen will do it. He not only collects all the established arguments against the supposed communications of the spiritual with the material world, but he puts them in the most telling shape; and where argument is wanting, he is prompt with fun, which is, perhaps, even more effective with the general public, who prefer the pleasure of a laugh to the labour of thought.

Now, there can be no doubt that very few ghost-stories will bear close examination, and the fact is undeniable that a ghost never appears to the sceptical and healthy. Even the instances collected by Mrs. CROWE are not satisfactory. It is impossible for a cautious man to accept the existence of ghosts as a fact, upon any evidence yet adduced. We do not venture a step beyond this;—we cannot dogmatically assert our unbelief, because no plausible reason is or can be assigned why there should not be communings between the world of spirit and the world of flesh. On the contrary, the presumption would be, not only that it is possible, but probable; that is to say, such will be the conclusion of those who admit the existence of spirit, and acknowledge a future state. The only question is, if it has been established as a fact? and to that we must reply, in the words of the Scotch verdict, "Not proven."

It is otherwise with dreams, second sight, presentiments, and such like. Of these there is abundant evidence as matters of fact, and the difficulty lies in accounting for them by

any other means than reference to agency which is usually called supernatural, but which would be more properly termed abnormal, because it is not a violation of any natural law, but the operation of an existing law that is called into action only in certain conditions of mind and body. The attempts to explain away these prophetic promptings of the soul by the easy assertion that they are accidental coincidences, will not bear a moment's reflection. Such coincidences cannot be accidental, according to any known calculation of probabilities. There is infinity to one against them; and they occur too often, and with too many persons, and under circumstances too remarkable, to be answered by reference to chance. But what is chance? Nothing more than the result of laws which we have not taken into our calculation. In truth, there is no such thing as chance. Every event is the necessary consequence of certain fixed laws, and might be predicated with certainty, if we had the capacity to grasp and trace them. If, then, the coincidences in question are the result of fixed laws, have we a right to assume that there is no meaning in them, that the Author of nature affixed to them no purpose, and that we are to treat them with disregard and contempt? Would it not be more philosophical to investigate them carefully, with intent to ascertain if the soul have not, even while in this its tenement of clay, the power, under certain conditions of the body to which it is linked, of communicating with the spirit world, and of obtaining, by a kind of intuition, knowledge which cannot be procured through the circumscribed media of the bodily senses; and that this knowledge it is, but how obtained we cannot tell, which we term presentiment; second sight, dreams, and which it perplexes us to account for, because we have no memory of the circumstances under which it was obtained?

It appears to us that this is the philosophical view of the question which has occupied so many pens, *pro and con*; and in this manner we should like to have seen it treated by Mr. OLLIER, who has skill in writing to make philosophy popular.

We note, as an instance of the sort of gratuitous assumption with which Mr. OLLIER has sought to explain away facts, his account of the murder at Dundry, which was discovered by two persons having dreamed on the same night that the body was deposited in a certain well, and Mr. OLLIER assumes that "there can be little doubt that the general opinion among the deceased's servants was that their master was murdered." Now, this is a pure supposition, and the fact was otherwise. We were present at the trial, and made very particular inquiry into the circumstances from the witnesses, and the truth was, that up to the time of finding the body in the well, at the earnest entreaty of the men who had dreamed that it was concealed there, not the slightest suspicion of murder had been entertained by any person in the family or out of it. It was supposed that the farmer had either killed himself or died in a fit; therefore it was that nobody thought it worth while to examine a dry well covered by a huge stone which it required two men to lift. Hence there was not in the minds of the dreamers anything that could have led their sleeping thoughts to the well. Besides, if they had suspected murder, why did not the well suggest itself to their waking thoughts, when actually on the premises searching, and it was before their eyes? It is, at least, an extraordinary fact that two persons should have *chanced* to have the same

dream, in itself a marvellous accident, on the same night. Such combinations of *accident* would be more wonderful than the fact itself, and more hard to believe than the explanation which we confess presents itself to our mind as that which is the rationale of this and all other revelations of the same kind, namely, that the state of mind and body which in mesmerism calls forth that faculty of perception beyond the range of the senses which we term *clairvoyance*, exists also in certain other states of body and mind. That one of the conditions under which this species of perception occurs is, that the attention should be intensely fixed upon the object; that in the case under consideration there was the condition of attention fixed upon the object, namely, the missing farmer; that in sleep, the state of mind and body occurred which permits of perception by other than the media of the bodily senses, and then the object was perceived by the sleepers and remembered by them as a dream. It is a phenomenon every day witnessed in persons in a state of mesmerism, and there is no reason why the faculty should not be developed in other states. We have little doubt, indeed, that when the subject comes to be investigated by a series of close observations it will be found that this faculty, which is called *clairvoyance*, is possessed by all of us, but developed only in certain states of mind or body, more frequently however than we at present have any suspicion of. We are not sure that many of the thoughts, and much of the knowledge, we possess is not obtained by means of this faculty—nay, we are inclined to believe that all of that mysterious intelligence which we term *instinct* is to be traced to the same source. But this is too large a subject to enter upon here. For the present we close Mr. OLLIER's book, having derived from it much amusement, and with a hope that he will be induced to look more profoundly into the subject, and employ his great abilities to its elucidation, rather than to an endeavour to laugh it down.

The papers collected in this volume originally appeared in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, and that will account for their somewhat gossiping tone.

The Development of the Understanding. By HENSLEIGH WEDGEWOOD, A.M. London, 1848. Taylor and Walton.

MR. WEDGEWOOD endeavours in this little treatise to trace the process by which the understanding is developed. His notion seems to be this: Simple sensation is a mere receiving by the mind of a single idea, from which nothing more comes. It is not thought, and alone does not produce thought. The transition from sensation to thought is accomplished by the impression of resemblance. Thus, the sight of a face bearing any considerable resemblance to one previously known has a tendency to bring the latter to our recollection—to make us *think* of the face to which the resemblance is felt. That act of comparison is the process of thought. Hence our notions of number, body and space, cause, free-will, position, figure, reasoning, right and wrong.

This is very true, but not very new. It will be found in the writings of the Phrenologists, not only distinctly stated, but followed through all its operations. It is there seen how, upon two simple perceptions, comparison goes to work to indicate these resemblances and differences, and causality to determine the causes of their existence in those forms, and so forth, until employment is found for almost all the intellectual faculties; and thence new thoughts, new combinations of their elements, new inventions. Mr. WEDGEWOOD is a philosopher,

and he has written well and ingeniously, but he has established no claim to a new discovery.

HISTORY.

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By JOHN LORD HERVEY. Edited, from the original manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Honourable JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL.D., F.R.S. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Murray.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

As we promised to do, we now return to these volumes for another gleaning of specimens from their curious contents. Let the *Laudatores temporis acti* refer to revelations such as these before they venture to draw unfavourable comparisons between their contemporaries and their ancestors. It is impossible to read these Chronicles of a Court a little more than a century ago and not to recognise the immense progress in morals and civilization which has been made by our own generation, and we have no doubt that improvement will continue, and that our children will shew an equal advance from the point at which we are found. It would not be difficult to name fifty relics of barbarism still approved by our own customs which our descendants at no distant day will abandon, as we have abandoned the intrigues, the profligacy, the coarseness, and the vulgarity of the times of the Second GEORGE.

The paramount influence at Court was not, as she endeavoured to believe, the Queen, much as she abased herself in order to procure it, but the favourite mistress for the time being. She appointed and dismissed ministers, with one exception, and that was her great triumph; the Queen put Sir ROBERT WALPOLE into place, and kept him there. But his advent was not well received by the people. This was the manner of—

SIR R. WALPOLE'S APPOINTMENT.

As people now plainly saw that all Court interest, power, profit, favour, and preferment were returning in this reign to the same track in which they had travelled in the last, lampoons, libels, pamphlets, satires, and ballad, were handed about, both publicly and privately, some in print and some in manuscript, abusing and ridiculing the King, the Queen, their ministers, and all that belonged to them: the subject of most of them was Sir Robert's having bought the Queen, and the Queen's governing the King; which thought was over and over again repeated in a thousand different shapes and dresses, both of prose and verse. And as the *Craftsman* had not yet lashed their Majesties out of all feeling for these transitory verbal corrections that smart without wounding and hurt without being dangerous, so the King's vehemence and pride, and the Queen's apprehension of his being told of her power till he might happen to feel it, made them both at first excessively uneasy. However, as the Queen by long studying and long experience of his temper, knew how to instil her own sentiments, whilst she affected to receive his Majesty's, she could appear convinced whilst she was contorting, and obedient whilst she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pagan god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief

priestess ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King James by his priests; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favourites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him—"And who do they say governs now?" Whether this is a true or a false story of the King, I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed. The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels, satires, and lampoons of these days were composed:—

"You may strut, dapper George, but 't will all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you."[†]

This was one of the poetical pasquinades that were handed about in manuscript at this time. There was another that began:

"Since England was England, there never was seen
So strutting a King, and so prating a Queen," &c.

and several more of the same stamp and in the same style. People found they galled, and that increased the number of them.

Some of Lord HERVEY's sketches of character are very cleverly drawn, as this of

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

The contradictions he was made up of were these:—He was at once both *false* and *sincere*; he was false by principle, and sincere from weakness, trying always to disguise the truths he ought not to have concealed, and from his levity discovering those he ought never to have suffered to escape him; so that he never told the truth when he pretended to confide, and was for ever telling the most improper and dishonest truths when anybody else had confided in him. He was at once both lavish and avaricious, and always both in the wrong place, and without the least ray of either of the virtues often concomitant with these vices; for he was profuse without liberality, and avaricious without economy. He was equally addicted to the weakness of making many friends and many enemies, for there was nobody too low or too bad for him to court, nor nobody too great or too good for him to betray. He desired without love, could laugh without being pleased, and weep without being grieved; for which reason his mistresses never were fond of him, his companions never pleased with him, and those he seemed to commiserate never relieved by him. When he aimed at being merry in company, it was in so tiresome a manner that his mirth was to real cheerfulness what wet wood is to a fire, that damps the flame it is brought to feed. His irresolution would make him take anybody's advice who happened to be with him; so that jealousy of being thought to be influenced (so prevalent in weak people, and, consequently, those who are most influenced) always made him say something depreciating to the next comer of him that advised him last. With these qualifications, true to nobody, and seen through by everybody, it is easy to imagine nobody had any regard for him: what regard, indeed, was it possible anybody could have for a man who had no truth in his words, no justice in his inclination, no integrity in his commerce, no

sincerity in his professions, no stability in his attachments, no sense in his conversation, no dignity in his behaviour, and no judgment in his conduct?

And so is that of

LORD TOWNSHEND.

No man was ever a greater slave to his passions than Lord Townshend; few had ever less judgment to poise his passions; none ever listened less to that little they had. He was rash in his undertakings, violent in his proceedings, haughty in his carriage, brutal in his expressions, and cruel in his disposition; impatient of the least contradiction, and as slow to pardon as he was quick to resent. He was so captious that he would often take offence where nobody meant to give it; and when he had done so, was too obstinate in such jealousies, though never so lightly founded, to see his error, and too implacable ever to forgive those against whom they were conceived. He was much more tenacious of his opinion than of his word; for the one he never gave up, and the other he seldom kept; anybody could get promises from him, but few could prevail with him to perform them. It was as difficult to make him just as to make him reasonable; and as hard to obtain anything of him as to convince him. He was blunt without being severe, and false without being artful; for when he designed to be most so, he endeavoured to temper the natural insolence of his behaviour with an affected affability, which sat so ill upon him that the insinuating grin he wore upon those occasions was more formidable than his severest frown; and would put anybody to whom he pretended friendship more upon their guard than those to whom he professed enmity. He had been so long in business, that, notwithstanding his slow, blundering capacity, he might have got through the routine of his employment if he had not thought himself as much above that part of a statesman as all mankind thought any other above him. He loved deep schemes and extensive projects, and affected to strike what is commonly called great strokes in politics—things which, considering the nature of our government, a wise minister would be as incapable of concerting, without the utmost necessity, as Lord Townshend would have been of executing them, if there was a necessity. He had been the most frequent speaker in the House of Lords for many years, and was as little improved as if there had been no room for it. Those who were most partial to him (or rather, those who pretended to be so whilst he was in power) would not deny that he talked ill, but used to say he undertalked his capacity, that his conception was much superior to his utterance, and that he made a much better figure in private deliberations than in public debates. But when he lost his interest at court, he lost these palliatives for his dullness in the world, and people were as ready then to give up his understanding as they had formerly been to give up his oratory. He either contracted fewer obligations or met with more ingratitude than any man that ever had been so long at the top of an administration, for when he retired he went alone, and as universally unregretted as unattended. These memoirs are such a medley, that nothing can properly be called foreign to them; and for that reason I shall here insert a little epigram on Lord Townshend's disgrace:

With such a head and such a heart,
If Fortune fails to take thy part,
And long continues thus unkind,
She must be deaf as well as blind;
And quite reversing every rule,
Nor see the knave, nor hear the fool.

Although long, it is so closely connected with an important epoch in the history of the times, the introduction of WALPOLE's famous Excise Bill, which almost stirred a rebellion in the country, that we cannot refrain from giving in full an account of an interview between the Queen and Lord STAIR, who had been sent by the opposition peers to endeavour, through her influence with the Minister, to procure the abandonment of his unpopular proposition. His Lordship is described as

being of "a very warm, prompt temper, and when he was angry did not hesitate to express his being so in very strong and irritating terms."

In the audience he asked of the Queen, he opened his embassy by telling her, that he had long thought himself neglected and ill-used by those who were at the head of the administration, but he assured her Majesty it was not that which now prompted him to give her this trouble; for, notwithstanding that ill-usage, whilst the King's measures and the points proposed by his ministers in Parliament had been such as were not detrimental to the nation, her Majesty was very sensible that he had never from pique or ill humour given any opposition or aimed at obstructing whatever had been thought proper to be done. He hoped, he said, that her Majesty would give herself the trouble one moment to reflect on his past conduct, and was sure she could not then help being so just to him as to own that this was strictly true; and since it was so, he hoped her Majesty would likewise have candour enough to believe, that the strong declarations he had made against the great point of excise now in debate, had been entirely owing to a thorough conviction that if the personal enemies of Sir Robert Walpole and the most determined Jacobites in the kingdom had been to suggest a measure that would be the surest to serve their cause, to ruin Sir Robert Walpole, and endanger even the security of her family in this kingdom, they could not have pitched on a scheme more conducive to these ends. The scheme, he told her, was injudiciously at first concerted and hastily undertaken; that it was known to have been so now even by Sir Robert himself, and was only at present pushed by him in obstinacy, because he would not own himself guilty of an error, which must end in his disgrace or the total ruin of the nation. But as Sir Robert was reduced by his rashness, by a wantonness in power, or by a want of judgment to this fatal option; self-preservation, obstinacy, and pride, had made him choose even to risk his master's crown by alienating the affections of his subjects and forcing a scheme upon them contrary to their usual remonstrances rather than submit to own that he had been deceived, and in consequence of that deception had endeavoured to deceive her Majesty and the King. "But, Madam, though your Majesty knows nothing of this man but what he tells you himself, or what his creatures and flatterers, prompted by himself, tell you of him, yet give me leave to assure your Majesty that in no age, in no reign, in no country, was ever any minister so universally odious as the man you support. He is hated by the army, because he is known to support them against his will, and hated by the country for supporting them at all; he is hated by the clergy, because they know the support they receive from him is policy, contrary to his principles of Whigism, and a support he makes them earn at a dear rate; he is hated by the city of London, because he never did anything for the trading part of it, nor aimed at any interest of theirs but a corrupt influence over the directors and governors of the great monied companies; he is hated by all the Scotch to a man, because he is known to have combated every mark of favour the King has been so good to confer on any of that nation; and he is little better beloved by many Englishmen, even of those who vote with him and serve under him. His power being thus universally dreaded, and his measures being thus universally disliked, and your Majesty being thought his protectress; give me leave to say, Madam, the odium incurred by his oppressions and injustice is not entirely confined to his own person: and as everybody, Madam, does imagine that he cannot be so blind, so deaf, and so insensible as not to see, hear, and know himself obnoxious to the people of all ranks and denominations in the kingdom—so it is thought the only resource he now has is to throw power into the hands of the Crown, where he must take refuge, and from whence alone he can hope for protection. People are confirmed in this opinion by this enslaving scheme of excises, which they neither do nor can think upon in any other light.

* George II. was very short. One of the lampoons on him describes the pleasure with which he received Mr. (afterwards Lord) Edgcumbe, who was very low in stature:

"Rejoiced to find within his court
One shorter than himself!"

† Sophia Dorothea of Zell, wife of King George I. was confined by her husband in the castle of Ahlen for thirty-two years, and died there only seven months before the King.

And if your Majesty thinks the English so degenerated, and the minds of the people so enslaved, as to receive chains without struggling against those who endeavour to fasten them; if you are willing to risk the power the law has given to the Crown, in order to add an illegal authority inconsistent with the fundamental principles of this Government; if you wish to do it and think it can be done, you are in the right to persevere in the maintenance of this project and projector, and in contradiction to the manifest bent of the nation, in contempt of the universal clamour of the kingdom, in defiance of an irritated people, and in a thorough disregard to the nature of the constitution, and the laws of a free country. That he absolutely governs your Majesty nobody doubts, and very few scruple to say; they own you have the appearance of power, and say you are contented with the appearance, whilst all the reality of power is his, derived from the King, conveyed through you, and vested in him. The King is looked upon as the engine of his minister's ambition, and your interest and influence over him as the secret springs by which this minister gives motion to all his master's actions. No greater proof can be given of the infinite sway this man has usurped over you, Madam, than in the very instance I have given of his first personal injury to me, which is the preference he has given Lord Isla to me on every occasion, both here and in Scotland: for what cannot that man persuade you to, who can make you, Madam, love a Campbell? The only two men in this country who ever vainly hoped or dared to attempt to set a mistress's power up in opposition to yours were Lord Isla and his brother the Duke of Argyll; yet one of the men who strove to dislodge you by this method from the king's bosom, is the man your favourite has thought fit to place the nearest to his; a man, too, who is as little useful in his public character as amiable in his private one; one as mean in his conduct as in his aspect, and who acts no more like a man of quality than he looks like one; a man of as little weight as principle, and no more fit to be trusted with any commission that requires ability and judgment than with one that requires honesty and fidelity." Here the Queen interrupted the thread of Lord Stair's invectives, and told him, in the first place, with regard to Lord Isla and himself, that she neither was nor desired to be informed of the causes of the misunderstandings between them; that she should be a very incompetent judge of the particulars if they were before her, and desired not to be made acquainted with them, because she should be as unwilling to speak her opinion if she had been able to form one, as she was now to enter into the dispute without having any opinion about it at all; that it was not her business to canvas the private characters and quarrels of those the King thought fit to employ, and, therefore, whenever his lordship spoke of Lord Isla to her, she desired he would remember he was speaking of the King's servant and to the King's wife.

This rebuke silenced Lord Stair on Lord Isla's chapter, and when he resumed his speech, he told her Majesty, that his reason for saying what he had done, was not so much from his own personal resentment to Lord Isla, as to let her Majesty know what sort of men these were, and how the world thought of them, who had the happiness of being most distinguished by the honest and judicious minister she maintained; and though he was not allowed to tell the faults of those this minister espoused, he hoped at least he might be at liberty to speak the merit of those he endeavoured to depress; and if he had that liberty, the list would consist of the names of every man of worth, honour, and probity in her court. "Your Majesty little thinks of the defection there will be among the nobility on this point. I know it to be such (for it is not conjecture) as will startle not only your minister when it breaks out, but even his master and yourself. I know it will be such as will make it impossible for this Bill to pass the Lords, though power and corruption may force it through the Commons. This being the case, I would oppose it even in policy, were my conscience quite out of the

question; but if policy were as strong on the other side, yet, Madam, I think it so wicked, so dishonest, so slavish a scheme, that my conscience would no more permit me to vote for it than his ought to have permitted him to project it." When Lord Stair talked of his conscience with such solemnity, the Queen (the whole conversation being in French) cried out—"Ah, my Lord! ne me parlez point de conscience; vous me faites évanouir." Lord Stair was extremely shocked and nettled at this exclamation, and said he hoped no action of his had ever betrayed any want either of conscience or honour, and that his whole life had been guided by the strictest laws of both; and since it had been so, he assured her Majesty, he had no notion that the profligacy of mankind could be such, as to make it possible for her favourite to find a majority of the House of Commons who, with repeated obstinate injustice and a shameless violation of their trust, would persevere in passing a Bill so evidently opposite to the inclinations of their constituents, so destructive of their interests and their liberties, and so contradictory to their express instructions and commands.

"Surely, my Lord," replied the Queen, "you think you are either talking to a child or to one that doats; for supposing this Bill to be everything which you have described it to be, do you imagine I should be weak enough to believe that you would oppose it for the reasons you have given, or that it would be natural for you to think that these arguments you have mentioned would weigh with anybody? Do you, my Lord, pretend to talk of the opinion of electors having any influence on the elected? You have made so very free with me personally in this conference, my Lord, that I hope you will think I am entitled to speak my mind with very little reserve to you; and believe me, my Lord, I am no more to be imposed upon by your professions than I am to be terrified by your threats. I must therefore once more ask you, my Lord, how you can have the assurance to talk to me of your thinking the sense of constituents, their interest, or their instructions any measure or rule for the conduct of their representatives in Parliament; or if you believe I am so ignorant or so forgetful of all past proceedings in Parliament, as not to know that in the only occasion where these considerations should have biassed you, you set them all at naught? Remember the Peerage Bill, my Lord. Who then betrayed the interest of their constituents? Who gave up the birthright of their constituents? Who deprived their constituents of all chance of ever taking their turn with those whom they sent to Parliament? The English Lords in passing that Bill were only guilty of tyranny, but every Scotch Lord was guilty of the last treachery; and whether you were one of the sixteen traitors, your own memory, I believe, will serve to tell you without the assistance of mine. To talk, therefore, in the patriot strain you have done to me on this occasion, can move me, my Lord, to nothing but laughter. Where you get your lesson, I do not want to know: your system of politics you collect from the *Craftsman*; your sentiments, or rather your professions, from my Lord Bolingbroke and my Lord Carteret—whom you may tell, if you think fit, that *I have long known to be two as worthless men of parts as any in this country, and whom I have not only been often told are two of the greatest liars and knaves in any country, but whom my own observation and experience have found so*. If you think, you may also, by way of supplement, let Lord Carteret know that I am not yet reduced to wanting his protection, though I hear he bragged of having had the generosity to bestow it upon me when the affair of the Charitable Corporation was under prosecution in the House of Lords, and that he saved me from being exposed there. For the rest, my good Lord, as an old acquaintance, the best advice I can give you, if you are a friend to the King, is to detach yourself from his enemies; if you are a friend to truth, to take your intelligence for the future from those who deal in it; if you are a friend to honesty, not to herd with those who disclaim it; and if you are a friend to our family, never to cabal with those who look on ours and the Jacobites'

cause as things indifferent in themselves, and to be espoused or combated in no other view, and on no other motive, than as this or that may least or most conduce to thwarting or gratifying their own private avarice and ambition." Lord Stair said he perceived her Majesty was determined; but that she would see her error, and he hoped before it was too late. He worked himself up again into a violent passion, and took his leave in saying, *Madame, vous êtes trompée, et le Roi est trahi*.

The fate of this favourite project of the Finance Minister is known to every reader. The people, when they found that petitioning was of no avail, took to mobbing. On the night of the Committee upon the Bill they surrounded the House of Commons, to wait the result. It was carried by a majority of sixty-one, but the people contented themselves with hooting the members who supported the Government as they went out of the House. The victory, however, was short lived. The Opposition out of doors increased, and began to tell upon the benches within. In the next division the Minister mustered only a majority of seventeen. This was deemed destructive both of the measure and of the Minister. Lord HARVEY hastened to report to the Queen the alarming aspect of affairs, and this is his account of the interview:—

He said it was not to be wondered at that the numbers of the opponents to this Bill should increase when everybody now believed that the majority of the King's council had ranged themselves in that class, and that my Lord Bolingbroke's party at St. James's was more numerous than at Dawley. "A great many in the King's service, madam, are said openly to have declared themselves against this measure, and many more are thought to have taken the quiet part of lying by only till things are ripe for a revolution in the ministry, at which juncture it is expected they will break forth and shew themselves not less inveterate enemies to Sir Robert Walpole than the others, though they have had a little more caution in appearing so;" but thus much Lord Hervey said he would venture to affirm, that neither Sir Robert Walpole nor any minister who should succeed him would ever be able to carry on the King's business upon that foot; for if the subordinate ministers were to play a safe game, by either underhand opposing, or acting a lukewarm part in sustaining what was thought expedient for the King's service, in such cases, though the minister would always be the first sacrifice, yet the power of the Crown must in some degree suffer too; and what ruined the one must at the same time greatly distress the other. The Queen said he was certainly in the right; that discipline was as necessary in an administration as an army; that mutiny must no more go unpunished in the one than the other, and that refusing to march or deserting ought to be looked upon in the same light.

Whilst she was saying this, the King (who had dismissed Mr. Pelham) came in, and the Queen made Lord Hervey repeat to the King all he had been saying to her. The King heard willingly, but that night said very little; he asked many questions, but was much more costive than usual in his comments upon the answers he received to them; however, when he asked Lord Hervey if he could remember some of those who had swelled the defection that day, as Lord Hervey repeated the following names, his Majesty tacked the following remarks to them; Lord James Cavendish, "*a fool*;" Lord Charles Cavendish, "*he is half mad*;" Sir William Lowther, "*a whimsical fellow*;" Sir Thomas Pendergast, "*an Irish blockhead*;" Lord Tyconnel, "*a puppy that never votes twice together on the same side*." There were more, which I have now forgot, but something in the same style his Majesty had to say on every deserter that was named. As soon as Lord Hervey was dismissed, he went to supper at Sir Robert Walpole's, who had assembled about a dozen friends to communicate the resolution taken of giving up the Bill. After supper,

when the servants were gone, Sir Robert opened his intentions with a sort of unpleased smile, and saying, "This dance it will no farther go, and to-morrow I intend to sound a retreat; the turn my friends will take will be to declare they have not altered their opinion of the proposition, but that the clamour and the spirit that has been raised makes it necessary to give way, and that what they now do is not owning what they have done to be wrong, but receding for prudential reasons from what they still think as right as ever." On this text he preached for some time to this select band of his firmest friends, and then sent them to bed to sleep if they could.

The next day the mob again assembled to give a similar greeting to their opponents, and on this occasion WALPOLE shewed a great deal of courage. Being advised to conceal himself, as he had done the day before, he refused.

WALPOLE'S BRAVERY.

Brigadier Churchill and Lord Hervey having run this mercantile gauntlet, had both (though separately) the same thought, and concluded the agreeable distinctions paid to them would naturally be heaped sevenfold on their friend and patron; they both, therefore, stemmed this torrent back again, returned into the House, told Sir Robert what had passed, and prepared him for what, if he would expose himself, he must expect to meet. They desired him to avoid it as he had done the first night, and go through Lord Halifax's; but he said there was no end of flying from such menaces, and that the meeting dangers of this kind was the only way to put an end to them, reasoning, perhaps, as Suetonius says Cæsar was thought to do when he was desired to avoid giving opportunity to conspirators against his life: "Insidias undique imminentis subire semel confessum satius esse quam cavere semper" ("It is better once to confront danger than to be always avoiding it"). Surrounded, therefore, by Lord Isla, Lord Hervey, Brigadier Churchill, his son (Edward), two or three more friends, and two servants, he presented himself to these rioters, who made so great a disorder, notwithstanding the protection of this circle immediately round him, and in spite of a lane of forty or fifty constables, who were placed there to secure every member a free and unmolested passage, that between the pressings of the mob to insult him and the zeal of the civil magistrates to defend him, there was such jostling and struggling, that had anybody fallen down they must inevitably have been trampled to death. The oaken sticks and constables' staffs were so flippant over the heads of friends and enemies, without any possibility of distinction, that many blows were given and received at random. But nobody of the Walpole faction was hurt or wounded excepting one, Mr. Cunningham, a Scotchman, in the breast, Mr. Ned Walpole in the arm, and Lord Hervey on the forehead. With much difficulty Sir Robert at last got to his coach and went home.

Ultimately the Bill was abandoned. Among other curiosities preserved in this rare historical museum is a drama, written by Lord Hervey, intended to depict the manners and conversation of the Court, with some satire, perhaps, but doubtless with strict truth. Here is an extract from it—a scene in the drawing-room at St. James's.

Enter the Queen, led by Lord Grantham, followed by the Princesses, and all her Train. [Queen curtsies slightly; drawing-room bows and curtsies very low.]

Queen [to the Duke of Argyll]. Where have you been, my Lord? One has not had the pleasure to see you a great while; and one always misses you.

Duke of Argyll. I have been in Oxfordshire, Madam; and so long, that I was asking my father here, Lord Selkirk, how to behave: I know nobody that knows the ways of a Court so well, nor that has known them so long.

Lord Selkirk. By God! my Lord, I know nobody knows them better than the Duke of Argyll.

Duke of Arg. All I know, father, is as your pupil; but I told you I was grown a country gentleman.

Lord Selk. You often tell me things I do not believe.

Queen [laughing]. Ha! ha! ha! You are always so good together, and my Lord Selkirk is so lively. *[Turning to Lord President.]* I think, my Lord, you are a little of a country gentleman, too—you love Chiswick mightily; you have very good fruit there, and are very curious in it; you have very good plums.

Lord President. I like a plum, Madam, mightily—it is a very pretty fruit.

Queen. The green-gage, I think, is very good.

Lord Pres. There are three of that sort, Madam—there is the true green-gage, and there is the *Drap-d'or* that has yellow spots, and there is the *Reine Claude* that has red spots.

Queen. Ah! ah! One sees you are very curious, and that you understand these things perfectly well: upon my word I did not know you was so deep in these things—you know the plums as Solomon did the plants, from the cedar to the hyssop.

Queen [to the first Court Lady]. I believe you found it very dusty.

First Court Lady. Very dusty, Madam.

Queen [to the second Court Lady]. Do you go soon into the country, Madam?

Second Court Lady. Very soon, Madam.

Queen [to the third Court Lady]. The town is very empty, I believe, Madam?

Third Court Lady. Very empty, Madam.

Queen [to the fourth Court Lady]. I hope all your family is very well, Madam.

Fourth Court Lady. Very well, Madam.

Queen [to the fifth Court Lady]. We have had the finest summer for walking in the world.

Fifth Court Lady. Very fine, Madam.

Queen [to the Duchess of Hamilton]. One cannot help wishing you joy, Madam, every time one sees you, of the good matches your daughters have made.

Duchess of Hamilton. Considering how they behaved, I wonder indeed they had any matches at all; but for any other two women of quality, one should think it no great catch for one to be married to a fool, and t'other to a beggar.

Queen. Oh, fie, fie! my good Duchess! One cannot help laughing, you are so lively; but your expressions are very strong.

Queen [to the Duchess of Rutland]. Come, come, my good Duchess, one is always glad to see you.

Duchess of Rutland. Your Majesty is always very kind to an old woman and a poor widow, that you are so good to let torment you about her children: and, Madam, I must beg your Majesty—*[whispers to the Queen].*

Here is

A SCENE IN THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

Just as Sir Robert Walpole was upon his legs to go away, the Duke of Newcastle said, "If you please, I would speak one word to you before you go;" to which Sir Robert Walpole replied, "I do not please, my Lord; but if you will you must."

"Sir, I shall not trouble you long."—"Well, my Lord, that's something; but I had rather not be troubled at all: won't it keep cold till to-morrow?"—"Perhaps not, sir."—"Well, come then, let's have it;"—upon which they retired to a corner of the room—where his grace whispered very softly, and Sir Robert answered nothing but aloud, and said nothing aloud but every now and then, "Pooh!—Pshaw!—O Lord! O Lord!—Pray be quiet.—My God, can't you see it is over?" This secret was, that Lord Pembroke had proposed privately that all the Lords of the Cabinet should join in remonstrating against the King's journey to Hanover; which Sir Robert Walpole said would now have no other consequences than irritating and provoking the King in private, and loading him more in public; two things that wanted no additional weight to strengthen them, but rather all our care to soften them.

We conclude with a

PORTRAIT OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Lord Chesterfield was allowed by every body to have more conversable entertaining table-wit than any man of his time; his propensity to ridicule, in which he indulged himself with infinite humour and no distinction, and with inexhaustible spirits, and no discretion, made him sought and feared, liked and not loved, by most of his acquaintance; no sex, no relation, no rank, no power, no profession, no friendship, no obligation, was a shield from those pointed, glittering weapons, that seemed to shine only to a stander-by, but cut deep in those they touched. All his acquaintance were indifferently the objects of his satire, and served promiscuously to feed that voracious appetite for abuse that made him fall on every thing that came in his way, and treat every one of his companions in rotation at the expense of the rest. I remember two lines in a satire of Boileau's that fit him exactly:—

*Mais c'est un petit fou qui se croit tout permis,
Et qui pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis.*

And as his lordship, for want of principle, often sacrificed his character to his interest, so by these means he as often, for want of prudence, sacrificed his interest to his vanity. With a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty and the most in fashion; and, if you would have taken his word for it, not without success; whilst, in fact and in truth, he never gained any one above the venal rank of those whom an Adonis or a Vulcan might be equally well with, for an equal sum of money. He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst, who said few good things, though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant—which was a humorous idea, and really apposite.

This work will, of course, be ordered in every book-club.

History of the French Revolution. By J. MICHELET. Translated by C. COCKS, B.L. Second and concluding portion. London, 1848. Bohn.

THE extraordinary interest given by the revolution now in progress to all that relates to the revolution past, has made this translation of MICHELET's clever and graphic history extremely welcome, and will insure for it a large circulation. MICHELET, however, is rather a declaimer than a historian. This work is more of a speech than a narrative. It is a sort of rapid and brilliant sketch of facts used as the foundations for a series of sparkling thoughts which are thrown off as an orator introduces exclamations in a passionate address. Thus read, it is a work of great interest, for it is full of suggestions remarkably apposite to the present epoch, and it should be perused by all who are watching the current of events with purpose to extract from them the wisdom which experience gives, and to test theory by practice. It is a singularly eloquent book, and quite novel in its style and turn of thought.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in Siberia; including Excursions, northwards, down the Obi, to the Polar Circle, and, southwards, to the Chinese Frontier. By ADOLPH ERMAN. Translated from the German by W. D. COOLEY. In 2 vols. Longman and Co.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE return to these valuable volumes, as we had promised, for a few more gleanings; but they are given in hope to tempt the reader to peruse the whole, not as usually to be a substitute for the volumes themselves.

At Maimachen he fairly entered upon the territory of the Celestial Empire, and the evidences of it met his view on every side.

A kosack keeps guard, with his drawn sword, to prevent any articles of merchandise passing in or out unless by a written permit from the custom-house. We were now within the precincts, or, at least, in the Russian half of the market-place, and found the houses of the merchants of the better class with stairs and balconies in front, and, in some cases, painted and embellished with architectural ornaments. Three camels met us just as we passed the gate, which were much longer haired than the Chinese camels which we saw afterwards. They belonged to the Buraets of Selenginsk, who were now thronging the streets, on their way to a religious festival at Maimachen. Chinese traders, too, meet us at every step. They wore long gowns of black silk, fitting close to the body; their hats were of black felt, nearly in the shape of a crown, the part for the head forming a hemisphere, and having the brim turned up all round; a tassel of red silk falls down on each side from the top, where there is a copper stud in the centre, on which a ball of some coloured stone, or other material, is fixed; this being the mode in which the several ranks are distinguished in China. The merchants here had rarely any such badge, and dare not, as I was informed, wear anything but a golden bulla, as they are accounted to belong only to the lowest class, both in China and Russia. They all had cases for their ears, to protect them from the cold. These cases were angular and oblong, made of pasteboard, and covered with black silk, their open side fitting to the temples. Their thick silken skull-caps fell below the edge of their hats, and their heads were shaved, except upon the very crown, from which long queues hung down their backs. A long purse is attached to their girdles, just above the right hip, and in it they carry their tobacco and pipe, with its wooden stem curved at the lower end, and its diminutive bowl of brass. They were all hurrying over the boundary-line, for every Chinese is obliged to be in Maimachen before sunset. We followed the crowd that was pressing forward towards a narrow door in the front of a long wooden building. This admitted us into the inner quadrangle of a Russian warehouse, where merchandise is stored and disposed of by wholesale; but not exposed to view. A corresponding door, at the opposite side of this court, opens just upon a wooden barricade, which constitutes the barrier of China. In this there is a wide portal, ornamented with pillars, and displaying the Russian eagle above it, along with the cypher of the reigning Emperor, Nicholas the First, by whom it was erected.

At this place he was amused by the performances of some

CHINESE ACTORS.

They had wooden drums, shaped like casks, brass cymbals, and plates of the same metal, or gongs, held by a string and beaten with knockers, and wooden truncheons, of different sizes, which they used as castanets. Deep, indeed, was the impression which the simultaneous thundering of this musical battery made on the ears of the passer-by. Several of the performers personated women, and so very naturally, that one might have almost suspected some infraction, in this respect of the treaty. The younger and more delicate faces had been selected for the female parts; and the deception was rendered more perfect by means of wigs and long tresses of black hair, but especially by curls pressed flat upon the forehead, which reminded one of the old French fashion of wearing crochets. We saw no masks, properly so called; but instead of them, the faces were painted white, black, and red, in oil colours; in some cases with a view to represent spectacles, moustaches, &c. and sometimes to conceal the human features, or make them look monstrous. One face was covered with coloured rays, which issued from the mouth. The same actor had also a feather on his head, which is, in Chinese comedy, the conventional mark of a ghost or apparition. Another wore a golden helmet, which was enough to constitute him a warrior. Several kept beating themselves incessantly on the hip with a cane, and by so doing intimating that they were on horseback. I received the explanation of these

conventional modes of representation from Russians, who had seen such plays and pantomimes frequently and for many years, for they are produced at every Chinese festival. This day's performance consisted of two acts, which to us, who knew nothing of the language, seemed to present very little change or variety. The whole company formed a ring, in which, during the first act, they marched one after another, in a very slow and measured step. At the same time all the musical instruments were beaten, and between every two blows a syllable of a kind of recitative was ejaculated by the whole company. The raising of the feet coincided with the beating of the instruments, and the fall of them with the syllabic chorus so exactly, that nothing can be conceived more regular and solemn. After the circuit of the stage had been made two or three times, a rattling, hurrying music, succeeded to the *andante*; and during the second act, which began here, most of the dancers tripped with great rapidity on tiptoe, like birds, one after the other round the ring, while some, in the middle, delighted the spectators at the same time with extraordinary leaps and clever drollery. They threw the two sticks, with which they had been previously making a clatter, into the air, and then, springing up, caught them as they fell, with the most extraordinary contortions of the body. It seemed as if the spectators were allowed to take an active share in these plays, for when, by way of experiment, I made some gestures of a tender kind to one of the pseudo-ladies, she showed herself ready to reply to my overtures with an embrace; and thenceforward, the horsemen, too, shewed me particular attention, pointing with their sticks to my spectacles, as often as they passed by me, and trying to touch them, to the great delight of the Mongols around. They were evidently all amused at seeing a real counterpart to the painted spectacles of some of the actors.

Here, too, he witnessed the mode of administering

JUSTICE IN CHINA.

In the course of our walks through the streets, we witnessed an example of the despatchfulness of Chinese justice. The *sarguchei* was jostled or rudely pushed in the crowd by a drunken Mongol of the lower orders. He spoke a few words in an angry manner to one of the police soldiers, who immediately seized the offender, while the rest of the company quietly continued their march. I staid behind to learn the issue of the affair, and saw the policeman push the Mongol against the wall and throw round his neck a thin iron chain which he carried with him. The unfortunate delinquent, trembling with fear, muttered some words of apology; in reply to which he received only boxes on the ear. It was curious to observe the feeling exhibited by the crowd of bystanders on this occasion; they sided with the stronger: for as soon as the prisoner held his tongue they all began to talk, admonishing him, no doubt, to behave better for the future; for every sentence ended with the speaker's putting his fist to the prisoner's nose, until at last the latter was dragged off to prison. In this place of confinement the prisoners stand in the open air, and in a kind of pillory, their hands being fixed in two openings in a board which passes horizontally over their heads. The hunger which they have to endure in this painful position is usually reckoned part of the punishment. The Russians told us on this occasion of a far more cruel punishment, inflicted by the predecessor of the present *sarguchei* on one of his inferior officers who had maligned him. He had the offender's mouth filled with a mixture of human excrement and water! But the *sarguchei*, it is said, is authorised only in inflicting those punishments which in China, as well as in Russia, are classed under the head of paternal punishments.

This was

AN OSTYAK SOIREE.

The huts in Repolovo were remarkably empty; and we were told that most of the Ostyak men had gone this very day on a fishing expedition, and that their wives were keeping a feast in the *kabak* or

public-house of the place. As we stated with respect to St. Petersburg, so in all other parts of European and Asiatic Russia, brandy is to be had only in houses appointed for the purpose (*kabaki*), and from the contractors (*otkupchiki*, buyers up, from *kupity*, to buy), who are accountable to the Government. We found in the dark room, hardly ten paces wide, of the public-house and place of revelry here, an European Russian, probably banished in former years, busy behind his counter; and, besides him, only the Ostyak women. Ten or twelve of them were assembled, and the brandy had already taken effect upon them all; in a way, however, not at all offensive to an even-tempered spectator. A number of short and corpulent figures, with black sparkling eyes, rather oblique, could be just seen moving and mingling together in the narrow space. They all talked with animation, and with remarkably delicate voices, which now gave expression only to soft and joyous emotions. They embraced, one after another, the *Yamshchiki* who entered with us; and their soft voices, now almost whining, seemed attuned, not so much to words of old acquaintance, as to the endearments of young and growing love. They all wore frocks, or shirt-like garments of nettle-cloth; which were ornamented, exactly like the dress of the Mordvi women, with embroidery in red and black round the neck and breast. None of them was without the head-dress, shaped as a cross, which serves them for a veil; but they had raised up the front part of it, and thrown it back completely over the head. We could perceive that, under the circumstances here described, and in other cases subsequently witnessed, this departure from the prevailing custom was not considered as in any degree irregular or improper. The very trifling means of the women were soon exhausted, while the pleasure of drinking had but just risen to its highest pitch. My promise therefore to pay the *scot* for the rest of their indulgence was received with the greatest thankfulness. But they now took especial pains to shew themselves deserving of the European treat, by good Christian observance; for at every glass they took they came up to us, and before they tasted the dram, crossed themselves with a most singular and laughable gravity. Devout Russians are in the habit of neutralizing the Satanic operation of spirituous liquors by a rapid movement of the right hand, intended to describe the cross, or by a softly ejaculated prayer, or merely by blowing the breath on the glass. But the good-humoured Ostyaks, who were novices in both arts, of Christian prayer as well as of drinking, were desirous of providing against the infirmities of the flesh by some more simple religious ceremony; and so they made the sign of the cross to such an extent, so slowly, and with such deep bowing of the body, as would be required by the church only on the most solemn occasions.

We conclude with an account of the manner of keeping

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN SIBERIA.

Upon the eve of the new year (12th January, new style), I received an invitation to the house of the captain of the district; where table songs (*poblyudnie pensi*, literally, dish-songs), as they are called, and fortune-telling games, were entered upon with all the earnestness of old times by the ladies of Tara. All the young ladies, anxious to pry into their future destiny, place their rings in a covered dish, and then commence the song; which is composed in short strophes, each involving some mystic and prophetic allusion to marriage or to riches. Meanwhile, the rings are drawn out of the dishes separately, by some of the elder ladies, and so that the prophetic expressions of each strophe are made to apply to some of the individuals engaged in the game. * * * Several others of their divinatorial practices still exist among ourselves; as, for example, where omens are drawn from the dripping of melted wax into water, and where the matrimonial prospects of the young women are foreboded by the manner in which little shells move with regard to each other on the surface of a vessel filled with water. In like manner, allusions

are made in the ancient Russian bridal songs, to the rolling of rings and beads of pearl across a piece of velvet towards the expectant lover. Their peculiar superstition, however, is the importance attached to the *podslushivanie* or listening; that is, the import of particular words caught up outside a window, from any conversation carried on within. The loneliness of the situation where this appeal to destiny is usually made, naturally exalts the inquirer's susceptibility of ominous impressions; for which reason, the country girls generally station themselves in the bath-chamber about midnight, where they expect to enjoy an interview with the apparition of their destined husband. The bath is regarded by the ignorant as the favourite retreat of the household sprite. It is at the same time easy to conceive that the fair votaries may at times be favoured with meetings requiring no intervention of supernatural means or beings.

The Parson, Pen, and Pencil. By the Rev. G. M. MORDEN, M.A. Vicar of Borden. London, 1848. Bentley.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE author of this little volume is so very pleasant a companion, that we make no apology for continuing our extracts.

Speaking of the National Guard he remarks on its very unmilitary appearance, and the ridiculous effect which the French mode of choosing national defenders produces.

Two stout ruddy citizens, with whiskers like blacking-brushes, each six feet one in height, marched with a little dapper fellow between them of about five feet six. The fourth man might have stood five feet eight and a half; the two next in line would have measured six feet; then came another five feet eight, flanked by two of six feet one.

We prefer to continue at Paris, and from the fruits that the author has plucked from that queen of cities to cull diversion and entertainment for our readers.

GOLDSMITH said the French seldom dined off less than "seven hot dishes;" but he excused this magnificence by stating that their tables and backs were destitute of linen! Now *the Parson's* sketches incline us to think that GOLDSMITH libelled slightly, and that the French are fonder of ornament than the poet supposed.

FRENCH DECORATIONS.

But the French, too, are dearly fond of fine words. Decoration is their *fort*; and, indeed, they will hardly sell you a square of soap without its motto; or a cake of chocolate without some *petit roman*, or love-tale, enveloping the savory lump. Their beautiful pictures and gilt-embossed card boxes materially augment the sale of Bordeaux plums; and the most popular omnibuses, some years ago, were those which played by mechanism the favourite air of "La dame blanche," as they performed their course. I was standing one day at our hotel lodge, and all of a sudden heard a trumpet sounded as beautifully as ever I had heard in the head quarters of a large body of cavalry. I ran to the stairs to hasten the steps of my son, who was at that moment descending, saying he would probably see some of the French cavalry pass by. We hurried forth into the street, and almost overthrew the trumpeter,—a dingy, dirty old fellow, who was hawking about lemonade and *eau sucrée* in a tin cylinder, covered with red velvet, at his back. It was a fair illustration of the piping times of peace, that cream of tartar and sugared water should succeed in making such a noise in the world. Any one would have imagined that a whole squadron of horse was at the gate. He would have proved a "trump" indeed in my father's *cortège* of high shrievalty in 1828, to blow my lord Judge into the court at Bedford, or to give him a long blast, by way of refreshment, on his coming out of the heat of it!

FRENCH DELICACY.

There is a goodly collection of flags [at the Hôtel

des Invalides] taken in war, the majority of which were Turkish, Arabian, Austrian, and Italian. I plucked up resolution, and asked if there were any English flags? The attendant smiled, and quietly replied, "Four." On looking up, I espied one king's flag, and three regimental colours of yellow ground,—accordant with the facings of the gallant regiments from whose slaughtered ensigns they had been borne off,

Where mingled wars rattle
With groans of the dying!

These were suspended at too great a height to enable us to distinguish any particular device, or form the slightest conjecture as to the particular host over whose brave warriors they had waved in battle. Whilst we were gazing up, and endeavouring to decipher some initials on the three yellow flags, a French gentleman, who was going over the building with a friend, quietly nudged our guide, and said, "Pourquoi leur montrer?" (Why shew them that?) To which our attendant replied, "Il m'a prié." (He begged I would do so.) This trait of delicacy was very gratifying.

We said in a former notice that our author had an acute eye for the ridiculous. Note this

STORY OF A DEAD-ROOM.

At length we entered the dead-house; the inner apartment of which is principally used for *post mortem* examinations by the house-surgeons in the presence of pupils. The body of a girl about nineteen years old was lying on one of the tables sewed up in a cloth: the primary incisions had been made, and an *autopsy* was to ensue in the course of the afternoon. The outer chamber of this dead-house was a vestibule, in which were about seven stands or narrow stages, on which were deposited long, black, semi-cylindrical-covered litters, similar to some of the coffin-biers in which, on the continent, bodies are carried to the grave. At the upper part of each of these long, round trunks, was an opening of about a foot square, through which, were a living man laid underneath, he could see above and about his head and shoulders. Alongside each was a bell-rope, with a stout iron-wire handle; the upper part of the string, or rope, being attached to a crank just under the ceiling. I inquired the cause of this very extraordinary provision for dead men and women. My attendant replied, that whenever a patient died, the body was brought down, and placed under one of these black covers, till arrangements were completed for the interment. Meanwhile the bell-handle is introduced through the orifice above-mentioned, and the arm of the corpse is so arranged that the hand may rest on the chest or abdomen, with the said handle between the fingers! I could not help smiling at this elaborate provision against trance: "And where," said I, "do these cranks overhead lead to?" "To the nurse's apartments: that in case there be any one reviving in the dead-room, the respiration individual may give a good tug, and bring down some one to the rescue." "And have you had many bell-ringers?" "No; not many. One case happened," said the dead-house lodge-keeper, "since I came here. Some one upstairs heard a very violent ringing from this, the dead-room's bell-crank, and several came down in a pretty state of trepidation, you may be sure." "Well! and what did the dead-alive man say or do?" "Ah! ma foi! Il n'a rien fait! Il n'a rien dit, même qu'il ait sonné bravement!" "How so! give such a tug at his bell, and then have nothing to say to you all?" "Oh! mon Dieu, non: Il était toujours bien mort! (He was dead enough all the time!)" On pressing this droll informant to reveal a mystery which we were half inclined to treat with contempt, he explained that it was in the case of a very stout man who had died of dropsy, and swelled very much; that in about eight or ten hours after death the body collapsed, from a discharge of the animal gas, as he called it; and the stomach, or, more properly speaking, the abdomen, sunk down so rapidly, that the hand shifted its position, drawing the bell-handle with it, and thus rang the call-bell most lustily. I suppose few

travellers have heard a more comical tale told in a charnel-house than this recital of the ghostly bell-ringer. The appearance of the bell-pull at each coffin, or litter-head, is too full of the ridiculous not to provoke a smile. One feels disposed to commend the nurses to lay a pair of trowsers and slippers, or petticoats, on a chair by each body; with a little snack of something comfortable (*eau de vie, par exemple*), to allay the "dismal horror of the time," in case of waking in a coffin-shell! A similar provision for the "dead-alive" is made in the hospital at Frankfort.

A HINT FOR ENGLAND.

Their slaughter-houses, for instance (that I may start with eulogium), *outside the city*, where all the revolting but indispensable processes of killing cattle are carried on without nuisance or detriment to the public, cannot be too highly commended. I visited one, the Abattoir (slaughter-house) de Grenelle, when I went to inspect the wonderful operations of the Artesian well contiguous to the premises. There were three hundred men engaged in the several compartments of the building, killing, cleaning, skinning, and cutting up. The heat of the weather was intense, the thermometer indicating 117 deg. in the sun. In these lofty, spacious, well-ventilated, and well-irrigated halls of death, the temperature was moderated almost to coolness; there was very slight effluvia, and there was hardly a fly to be seen. The blood was carried off through immense drains into various reservoirs or receptacles, for subsequent removal to the dyers' houses and other establishments, where it forms a valuable chemical ingredient; or to the depôts of purchasers of manure. The remainder finds its way to the river, through main sewers, and the garbage is systematically assorted (strange as it may sound) for the respective dealers in dogs'-meat, cats'-meat, sausage-skin preparers, bladder-vendors, hide-buyers, tanners, purveyors, glue and size manufacturers, horn-lantern makers, and every other craft in whose hands animal matter undergoes marvellous transformations. But the reflection, that all these fetid appurtenances of the slaughtered ox, sheep, calf, and hog, are thus kept *extra muros*, beyond human domiciles in a densely-populated city, and daily and hourly dispersed, and duly disposed of, without scattering nuisance and malaria of the foulest character, such as poisons the vicinity of every slaughter-house in London,—is, I affirm it with regret for our own needs, one of the highest points of civilisation and refinement to which the municipal powers of Paris have yet attained.

We now reluctantly bid adieu to these very instructive and diverting pages. No book-club or circulating library should be without them.

FICTION.

Rose, Blanche, and Violet. By G. H. LEWES, Esq. Author of "Ranthorpe." In 3 vols. London, 1848. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A NOVEL may reward perusal for the ingenuity and interest of its plot, or the originality of its characters, or the cleverness of its portrait-painting, or the vividness of its descriptions, or for the wisdom which it seeks to illustrate by examples. Mr. LEWES's claim to popularity must rest upon the spirit with which he has embodied some remarkable classes in modern society, for the satire he throws into his sketches, and for the practical philosophy which he scatters about with the profusion of a mind accustomed to observe and to reflect.

In the construction of a probable plot he has failed. It is plain that he had resolved to introduce a certain number of previously imagined characters, and then proceeded to the construction of a plot which should afford them the means of "coming out." But this is just the reverse of the course that should be pursued by the novelist. The framing of the

plot should be the first business, and then the characters should be created in accordance with the purposes about which they are to be employed,—otherwise there is like to be an unfitness in them—an aspect of being out of place—which operates unpleasantly upon the reader by destroying that consciousness of reality and probability which constitutes the charm of a good novel. But this forgotten, and much that is attractive will be found in these pages. They are full of talent, brilliant and sparkling, and mark their author for a distinguished place among the novelists of our time, when age shall have a little sobered, and practice somewhat polished, him. One word of warning, however, we cannot avoid. Let him curb his too evident tendency towards the pruriency of the French school of fiction. The excitements of immoralities are not needed to commend a novel to the sober tastes of English readers, however demanded by our more inflammable neighbours. We are content with faithful pictures of men and manners; and, as Mr. LEWES is competent to draw them, it is a matter for regret that he should seek adventitious attractions.

But he writes with a distinct purpose, which he states in his preface:—

Strength of Will is the quality most needing cultivation in mankind. Will is the central force which gives strength and greatness to character. We over-estimate the value of Talent, because it dazzles us; and we are apt to underrate the importance of Will, because its works are less shining. Talent gracefully adorns life; but it is Will which carries us victoriously through the struggle. Intellect is the torch which lights us on our way: Will, the strong arm which rough hews the path for us. The clever, weak man sees all the obstacles on his path; the very torch he carries, being brighter than that of most men, enables him, perhaps, to see that the path before him may be the directest, the best,—yet it also enables him to see the crooked turnings by which he may, as he fancies, reach the goal without encountering difficulties. If, indeed, Intellect were a sun, instead of a torch,—if it irradiated every corner and crevice—then should man see how, in spite of every obstacle, the direct path was the only safe one, and he would cut his way through by manful labour. But constituted as we are, it is the clever, weak men who stumble most—the strong men who are most virtuous and happy. In this world, there cannot be virtue without strong Will; the weak “know the right, and yet the wrong pursue.” No one, I suppose, will accuse me of deifying Obstinacy, or even mere brute Will; nor of depreciating Intellect. But we have had too many dithyrambs in honour of mere Intelligence; and the older I grow the clearer I see that Intellect is *not* the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant. Knowledge, after all, is not the greatest thing in life: it is not the “be-all and the end-all here.” Life is not Science. The light of Intellect is truly a precious light; but its aim and end is simply to shine. The moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes; but it is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us. Strength of character seldom, if ever, astonishes; goodness, lovingness, and quiet self-sacrifice, are worth all the talents in the world.

We have said that in his personages Mr. LEWES falls in the too common fault of sketching classes rather than individuals. This is remarkably illustrated in Hester Mason, who sets up for a philanthropist, is moreover an authoress, and patronizes people who make speeches and write books. The portrait is drawn with a great deal of spirit, but it is manifestly an attempt to exhibit in one person the absurdities only found in many. Hester

Mason embodies the entire class, and therefore is not natural; we do not think of her as of a person who ever did or could have existed, but only as a clever caricature. In proof of this read the following account of

THE LITERARY LADY AND HER FRIENDS.

The soirée at Hester Mason's, to which they went that evening, was very much the same as the one formerly described; there were fewer guests, and among them more women; a sure sign that she was getting on in the world, and that the reputation of her parties was beginning to cover any suspicious circumstance in her own position. But the women were still of a questionable class: questionable, I mean, not as regards propriety, but *fon*. There were no ladies who gave parties, who were recognised as belonging to “society;” and, above all, there were no girls there: the virgins were old, ugly, or wise. In a word, the women were almost exclusively literary women, described by Cecil as poor faded creatures, who toiled in the British Museum over antiquated rubbish, which they extracted and incorporated with worse rubbish of their own—women who wrote about the regeneration of their sex—who drivelled in religious tales—compiled inaccurate histories—wrote moral stories for the young, or unreadable verses for the old—translated from French and German (with the assistance of a dictionary, a dashing contempt for English idiom), learned women, strong-minded women, religious women, historical women, and poetical women; there were types of each class, and by no means attractive types. One remark Cecil made, which every one will confirm. “How curious it is,” said he, “to notice the intimate connection between genius and hair! You see it very often in men, but universally in women, that the distinguishing mark of literary or artistic pretension is not in the costume, but in the mode of arranging the hair. Women dress their hair in a variety of ways: each has a reference to what is becoming; but when women set up for genius or learning, all known fashions are despised, and some outrageous singularity alone contents them. Just look round this room. There is Hester herself: she is young and handsome; but instead of taking advantage of her black curls, she trains them up like a modern Frenchman. If you only saw her head, you would call it a boy's. Then, again, next to her sits Mrs. James March—she reads Greek, and writes verses; you see it by the hair parted on one side, instead of in the centre, and by the single curl plastered on her brow, emulous of a butcher-boy. There is Miss Stoking—she writes history and talks about the ‘Chronicles,’—I see that in the row of flat curls on her forehead, and in the adjustment of her back hair. Miss Fuller must be a philosophical woman, by the way in which all the hair is dragged off her forehead. That bony thing next to her must be a poetess, by the audacity of her crop. In fact, depend upon it, as there is a science of phrenology, there is a science of hair.” These women did not, as may be guessed, give any additional charm to Hester's parties, unless, indeed, in the shape of some fun. Nevertheless, their presence was inexpressibly delightful to her, for it was a sanction: and with all her sneers at the “conventions” of society, Hester was most anxious to preserve them. Cecil, who liked Hester very much, and was interested even in her opinions, which he did not share, was pitiless in his satire upon her female friends; which I will not repeat here, lest the reader should imagine that I share the general dislike to clever women—a conclusion against which I protest, and stoutly. True, I am not so blind an admirer of cleverness as to think it atones for the absence of womanly grace, gentleness, lovingness, and liveliness; but, on the other hand, some of the most charming women—and womanly women too—I have ever known, have been distinguished in literature and art. Will that avowal save me?—Hester forgave Cecil for his opinion, the more so as she shared it; and, although she combated his views on social matters as warmly as ever, was falling over head and ears in love with him. “You will come round to my

way of thinking one day,” she said: “so elevated a mind as yours cannot long remain a slave to traditional sophisms; the Spirit of the Age will claim you.” “Pray,” said Cecil, smiling, “can you explain to me what this spirit of the age actually is? I hear a great deal about it, and comprehend nothing that I hear. Is our age so very different from all those that have gone before it?” “Assuredly: it is the age of progress.” “Progress? but *that* is the characteristic of all ages; society never stands still.” “True, but sometimes it retrogrades, and now it advances. My dear Mr. Chamberlayne, you will not deny that the peculiarity of our age is not only progress, but consciousness of progress.” “That is to say, I suppose, while our forefathers contented themselves with advancing, we prate about our advance. Now, of that kind of consciousness I am as decided an enemy as Carlyle himself; and his eloquent denunciations of it as the disease of our time find full acceptance from me.” “Ah! my dear sir, Carlyle, with all his genius, does not understand the historic development of humanity.” “Perhaps not; nor do I: though I have tried. But it still seems to me an evil, not a benefit, that our modern reformers are so very conscious—” “Stop! You will not deny that every man should have a Purpose?” Cecil, who knew this was one of the magnificent aphorisms of the “earnest” school, paused for a reply. Seeing him hesitate, Mr. Jukes, a sickly red-haired republican, with a feeble falsetto voice, stammered forth—“Is it p-p-p-possible, Mr. Ch-ch-Chamberlayne, you can hesitate to p-p-pronounce that e-e-every man should have a p-p-p-purpose?” There was something so marvellously ludicrous in the feebleness of the individual, contrasted with the apparent vigour of his doctrine, that Cecil could with difficulty restrain his laughter, and hastened to say—“By no means—by no means. I presume every one *has* a purpose; but then the question is—what purpose?” “If you admit,” said Hester, that a man must have a Purpose, it is surely unreasonable to wish him not to be distinctly conscious of it: then, only, can he best fulfil it; otherwise he is a mere machine in the hands of fortune. I say, therefore, that the consciousness of our age is the consciousness of progress; each man of any real eminence has a Mission, and he knows it; that Mission is to get the broad principles of Humanity in its entire Developments fully recognised. That Mission,” she continued, with rising warmth, “is to sweep from the face of the earth the worn-out sophisms which enslave it; to give Mind its high Prerogatives; to cut from the heart of society the cancer of Conventionalism which corrupts it; to place Man in majestic antagonism to Convention; to erect the Banner of Progress, and give the democratic Mind of Europe its unfettered sphere of action.” “A grand scheme,” replied Cecil, smiling; “but how is all this to be accomplished?” “By indomitable re-re-resolution; b-b-b-by f-f-f-ixity of p-p-purpose,” suggested Jukes. “By a recognition of the rights of women,” sternly remarked the philosophical Mrs. Fuller. “The Greeks,” began Mrs. James Murch, “whose literature—” Here she was interrupted by Miss Stoking, who thought that if readers were not so fond of “trash” and would only look into the “Chronicles,” something considerable might result. The epic poet—the celebrated author of “Mount Horeb, and other Poems,” thought the age was not religious enough: there was not enough divine aspiration in the souls of modern men to bring about any grand revolution. Mr. Blundell (the kind of “Box,” as his friends told him) thought that there was a deficiency of wit, and referred to a “government tempered with epigrams” as his ideal. Hester would admit of nothing but the “broad Principles of Humanity;” upon these she stood. “My dear Miss Mason,” said Mrs. Murch, “surely the Greeks, whose literature—” “And women,” interposed Mrs. Fuller, “Are women not destined to play a great part in the reformation of society?” “Oh, yes!” replied Hester; “the greatest part—I am quite of your opinion. Society must be reorganised, and

in its new structure women must fill their proper place, they must be consulted—their rights must be recognised. "You have no idea," she added, turning to Cecil, "what an enormous difference there would be if society were reconstructed with a view to the equal partition of power between man and woman." "I beg your pardon," he said, laughing: "I have a very formidable idea of it. In fact, I think there is already too great a preponderance of female influence." A chorus of indignant astonishment followed this from all the ladies except from Mrs. Murch, who pertinaciously sticking to her yet unexpressed idea, began—"Now, my belief is, that the Greeks, whose literature—" "You protest," said Cecil, not noticing Mrs. Murch, "against my dictum. But hear me. The gradual softening of manners, by constraining men to relinquish their advantage in physical force, has destroyed the balance of power, and *unbeaten woman* has the upper hand."

Blanche is the pure spirit of the tale,—the true woman, whose gentleness and virtue constitute the contrast by which the faults of the others are made to appear more odious. But she also wants individuality. Her qualities are all too general to be perfectly true to nature. Cecil Chamberlayne is perhaps the most truthful of the group, and his ruin, the result of thoughtless generosity, and the sufferings consequent upon it, are traced with a power of description which proves that Mr. LEWES can, upon occasion, when he forgets theory and follows only his emotions, paint the real even better than the ideal.

Another clever portrait is that of

MEREDITH VYNER.

Meredith Vyner, of Wynton-hall, Devonshire was the kindest, if not the most fascinating, of husbands. A book-worm and pedant, he had the follies of his tribe, and was as open to ridicule as the worst of them; but, with all his foibles, he was a kind, gentle, weak, indolent creature, who made many friends, and, what is more, retained them. There was something remarkable, though not engaging in his appearance. He looked like a dirty bishop. In his pale puffy face there was an ecclesiastical mildness, which assorted well with a large forehead and weak chin, though it brought into stronger contrast the pugnacity of a short blunt nose, the nostrils of which were somewhat elevated and garnished with long black hairs. A physiognomist would at once have pronounced him obstinate, but weak; loud in the assertion of his intentions, vacillating in their execution. His large person was curiously encased in invariable black; a tail-coat with enormous skirts, in which were pockets capacious enough to contain a stout volume; the waistcoat of black silk, liberally besprinkled with grains of snuff, reached below the waist, and almost concealed the watch-chain and its indefinite number of gold seals which dangled from the fob: of his legs he was as proud as men usually are who have an ungraceful development of calf; and hence, perhaps, the reason of his adhering to the black tights of our fathers. Shoes—large, square, and roomy, with broad silver buckles—completed his invariable and somewhat anachronical attire. People laughed at Meredith Vyner for his dirty nails and his love of Horace (whom he was always quoting, without regard to the probability of his hearers understanding Latin—for the practice seemed involuntary); but they respected him for his integrity and goodness, and for his great, though ill-assorted erudition. In a word, he was laughed at, but there was no malice in the laughter.

And there is much boldness of touch in that of

MARY HARDCASTLE.

Mary Hardcastle was just nineteen. There was something wonderfully attractive about her, though it puzzled you to say wherein lay the precise attraction. Very diminutive, and slightly hump-backed, she had somewhat the air of a sprite—so tiny, so agile, so fragile, and cunning did she ap-

pear; and this appearance was further aided by the amazing luxuriance of her golden hair, which hung in curls, drooping to her waist. The mixture of deformity and grace in her figure was almost unearthly. She had a skin of exquisite texture and whiteness, and blood came and went in her face with the most charming mobility. All her features were alive, and all had their peculiar character. The great defects of her face were, the thinness of her lips, and the cat-like cruelty sometimes visible in her small, grey eyes. I find it impossible to convey, in words, the effect of her personal charms. The impression was so mixed up of the graceful and diabolic, of the attractive and repulsive, that I know of no better description of her than is given in Marmaduke's favourite names for her; he called his "fascinating panther," and his "tiger-eyed sylph." She had completely enslaved Marmaduke Ashley. With the blood of the tropics in his veins, he had much of the instinct of the savage; and as when a boy he had felt a peculiar passion for snakes and tigers, so in his manhood were there certain fibres which the implacable eyes of Mary Hardcastle made vibrate with a delight no other woman had roused. He was then only twenty-four, and in all the credulity of youth. Everything transpired according to Mary's wish, and at nine o'clock she contrived to slip away in the evening, unnoticed, to meet her lover on the sands. True, it was not moonlight. She had forgotten that the moon would not rise; but, after the first disappointment she was consoled by the muttering of distant thunder, and the dark and stormy appearance of the night; a storm would have been a more romantic parting scene than any moonlight could afford. So when Marmaduke joined her, she was in a proper state of excitement, and felt as miserable as the most exacting school-girl could require. The sea, as it broke sullenly upon the shore, heaved not its bosom with a heavier sigh than that with which she greeted her lover, and nestled in his arms. She wept bitterly, reproached her fate, and wished to die that moment. Marmaduke, who had never before seen such a display of her affection, was intensely gratified, and with passionate protestations of his undying love, endeavoured to console her. But she did not want to be consoled. As she could not be happy with him, her only relief was to be miserable. Self-pity was the balm for her wounds. By making herself thoroughly wretched, she stood well in her own opinion. In fact, without her being aware of it, her love sprang not from the heart, but from the head. She was acting a part in her own drama, and naturally chose the most romantic part.

In conclusion we take the following passage, full of shrewd remark and sound advice:—

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

Who has indulged in all the enchantment of the world of reverie, wherein materials are so plastic and triumphs are so easy,—when man seems to be endowed with the god-like privilege of creation, and his thoughts take shape without an effort, passing from the creative mind into the created act, without the hard obstacle of a medium,—who is there, I say, that, having known such intellectual triumph, has not felt humbled and discouraged when, descending from the region of reverie and intention, to that of reality and execution, he has become aware of the immensity of labour, of hard resolute labour, to be undergone before he can incarnate his ideas into works? The unwritten poems—the unpainted pictures—the unnoted melodies, are, it is often said, transcendently superior to those poems, pictures, and melodies which artists succeed in producing. Perhaps so; but the world justly takes no account of unaccomplished promises, of unfought victories. What it applauds is the actual victory, won in earnest struggle with difficulty; the heroes it crowns are those who have enriched them with trophies, not those who *might* have done so. But Cecil was content to dream of victory—to "dally with the faint surmise" of beauty—to plan, to hope, to dream—but not to act. He would stand before his easel, looking at his canvass, or playing listlessly with the colours on his palette, but never boldly using his pencil; and because "ideas"

did not come to him in that irresolute mood, he threw the palette down, lighted a cigar, and declared himself unfit for work that day. He then would seat himself at the piano, to try if Euterpe were more propitious. His fingers running over the keys would naturally suggest to him some melody that he liked; it was played, of course, or a fragment of it—then another fragment; then he began to sing—his voice was good, and it pleased him to hear it. In this way another hour or so would pass, and he would then take up his hat and stroll out. Day after day was this miserable farce of "awaiting inspiration" played with the same success. Enthusiastic artists and critics will assuredly award him their esteem, and proclaim him a genuine artist—a real genius—when they hear that Cecil had a profound contempt for "mechanical fellows," who 'sat down to their work, whether under "inspiration" or under the mere impulse to finish what they have begun. He was really eloquent in his scorn of the "drudges." Genius, in his eyes, was a divine caprice. It came and went in moments of excitement,—a sort of intermittent phrenzy. Being a scholar, he entirely approved of Plato's theory to that effect, as developed in the dialogue of *Ion*. The business of an artist was consequently to await those moments, and then to set himself to work, when his soul was stung to ecstasy by overpowering visions of beauty. There is, in the present day, an overplus of raving about genius, and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common sense. Common sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a phrenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook, unless they devoted their whole energies to the task. Would Michael Angelo have built St. Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? Would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? Would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works,—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse? "Use the pen," says a thoughtful and subtle author, "there is no magic in it; but it keeps the mind from staggering about. This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you *can* do you *will* do: inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint: act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings. Because the failure is absolute it is precise—it stands bodily before you—your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with—you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do* so,—the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so. As long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one object. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and re-

press the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin. Necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this,—they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they could do.

With these remarks and such extracts it is perhaps scarcely necessary to recommend the circulating libraries and the book-clubs to place this novel upon their list for purchase.

Sir Theodore Broughton; or, Laurel Water.
By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Author of "The Convict," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1848.
Smith and Elder.

MR. JAMES has reduced novel-writing almost to a mechanical art. He seems to keep a sort of skeleton scheme upon which he models his romances; so that, having found a suitable subject, he has only to mould it according to the plan, subtracting here, adding there, and throwing in some half-dozen characters from his note-book, and then there remains for him nothing but the task of putting it into words by means of descriptions and dialogues, which long practice has made so easy to him that it is probable he can speak them off without an effort, as other people can utter the most common-place chat. Thus it is that he contrives to produce some three or four romances in a year, for his powers are limited only by the capacities of his amanuensis to follow his dictation.

But the marvel with MR. JAMES is not so much his productiveness as the variety of execution which he contrives to mingle with his uniformity of plan, so as to maintain the interest of the reader in every successive work. SCOTT wrote himself out, COOPER has nearly done so, BULWER has only saved himself by a judicious pause; but MR. JAMES writes now as well as ever he did, and seems to be as far as ever from being exhausted. Indeed, *Sir Theodore Broughton* is one of the best of his many romances in plot and in composition. It is founded upon a case famous in our criminal records, which occurred about seventy years since, in which a gentleman called Donellan was convicted and executed on a charge of poisoning his brother-in-law with laurel-water. The medical evidence was remarkable for introducing JOHN HUNTER, who expressed great doubt as to whether the appearances were conclusive of poisoning. But MR. JAMES, with the novelist's license, takes advantage of this doubt expressed by HUNTER, to make Captain Donovan innocent of the crime, although desiring and designing it. As he has moulded the plot, a guardian of the regular villain species, desirous of ridding himself of his ward, that he may possess his property, and wanting the courage to throttle him outright, tries all sorts of schemes to procure him to be killed by accident, and, these failing, seeks to plunge him into dissipation and crime; to which end he sends him to London in charge of an unprincipled tutor, one Dr. Gamble, under whose auspices the kind intentions of the guardian are in rapid course of fulfilment. The youth is tempted to plot the abduction of a young lady of large fortune, who is rescued by a highwayman, Colonel Lutwich, with whom she incontinently falls desperately in love. Broughton persists, and, with the aid of the good Dr. Gamble, Lutwich is charged with robbery. The amorous Kate

Malcolm is in despair at the prospect of a halter thus suspended over the head of her lover, and to save his life she consents to marry Theodore, on condition that he will keep a principal witness out of the way, and thereby secure an acquittal. Sir T. Broughton performs his part of the compact, and Kate, although with anguish of heart, resolves to perform hers. But Donovan, the guardian, dreads the marriage of his ward, lest it should place other lives between him and the fortune; so he determines to screw his courage to the sticking-place and murder him before such an accident could occur. For that purpose he distils some laurel-water; but fear still operating upon him, he postpones the moment for administering it. But another does the work he had designed. A servant, whom Broughton had ill-treated, sees the deadly potion, and gives it to his master. Of that crime Donovan is accused and convicted, and executed, although really guiltless, and Kate marries the man she adores.

Some of the scenes are very powerfully described, and the dialogues are generally less prosy than we have found them in some of MR. JAMES's previous works. The incidents, indeed, are so numerous that there was no need to introduce long conversations in order to fill the prescribed space of three volumes. He had ample materials here, and he has made excellent use of them.

Altogether this is among the very best of MR. JAMES's romances, as if the vigour of his youth had revived; and as it is sure to please every reader, it may be safely procured by every library.

We take two passages as specimens; but MR. JAMES's style is too well known to need criticism or exhibition.

A SCENE AT SEA.

There was a ship sailing over the dark sea. Slowly it passed on through the waves, for the wind from the north-west, though not absolutely contrary, favoured its progress but little. There were no stormy billows around it, though the large heavy swell of the Atlantic where it meets the waters of St. George's Channel, heaved it up and down as if it had been a feather on the bosom of the waters. Yet it was a goodly bark of many hundred tons burden, nearly new from the ship-builder's hands, and laden with a precious freight of human life. She was not a royal vessel, but nevertheless armed and manned as a ship of war; and with every sail set to catch the light breeze, she ploughed her way onward towards the far West. The moon was still far below the horizon, for she rose very late, and there was a heavy mass of low cloud overhead: the feathery fringe of that dark veil, sometimes descending in mist, till it swept the sea beneath, and made the lamp over the compass glare like a hazy meteor. Yet if the heaven denied its stars, the ocean seemed to have its lights; for ever and anon, as the waves broke upon the vessel's sides, flashes of fire, as they seemed, would spangle the foamy tide, and suddenly disappear. But still all was black, and solemn, and silent around; and there was something, strange and dream-like, and unreal, in finding oneself borne thus stilly onward in the midst of that inscrutable darkness, over that wide and gloomy swell of waters. The rush and the ripple, and the faint whisper of the wind amidst the rigging, were the only sounds; and the sights were but the phosphorescent sparkle of the waves, the glare of the lamp, and a phantom-like form walking here and there upon the deck. Many were the emotions of which that ship had been the scene within the last few hours. There were some voyagers setting out with joy to meet friends and relatives, and love, long parted from; and some instinct with hope of brighter fortunes in a distant land; and some moved with yearnings for change; and some with light ambitions and aspirations for wealth, distinction, or renown. But, except the watch upon the deck, almost all had re-

tired to the hammock, or the close small berth, to dream that they were in the midst of happy meetings over the wide sea, or that they were still in their own homes, or that they were reaping glory, or winning wealth, or tasting some one or other of the sweet and bitter fruits of life.

MR. JAMES's commentary upon the trial and its conclusion is extremely interesting. He is of opinion that there was no sufficient proof of the guilt of the accused; that it was not even satisfactorily established that Sir T. Broughton died of poison at all. HUNTER's evidence was rather to the negative of this fact, for he stated that apoplexy would have presented precisely the same symptoms at the autopsy. But, perhaps, a portion of this commentary will interest our readers.

Add to this, that no distillation of laurel-leaves was traced to Captain Donellan; that it was never shewn that he had ever possessed a laurel-leaf; that he was never proved to have had access to the room in which the bottle stood, the contents of which were supposed to be poison; and you reduce the case to this,—that Sir Theodosius Broughton died very suddenly, after having indulged for a considerable period in great excesses, and being at the time somewhat in bad health; and that the conduct of Captain Donellan after his death was extraordinary and somewhat suspicious. It is to be remarked, however, that all the most suspicious circumstances rested upon the evidence of Lady Broughton, the mother of the dead man, who with her own hands gave him the liquid as a medicine, which was afterwards supposed to have been the poison, and whom Donellan indirectly charged with having poisoned her son. The suspicious circumstance of his having rinsed out the bottle even before the young man was dead, was stated by Lady Broughton to have taken place at a time when two maids must have been in the room, as she mentions the occupation of "one of the maids." But one was dead at the time of the trial, and the other was not even asked if she had remarked the fact, or seen Captain Donellan do anything with the bottles. It is, moreover, worthy of notice, that Lady Broughton contradicted herself, as to whether Sir Theodosius spoke to her after taking the medicine; that she varied in her testimony before the coroner and at the trial, adding some circumstances on the latter occasion; and that, from the testimony of the coachman, it appears she very soon endeavoured to cast suspicion upon Donellan, which would account for some of the efforts made by him to prove his innocence before he was directly accused.

The counsel for prisoners charged with felony not being permitted in those days to address the jury in behalf of their client, none of these points were brought prominently forward at the trial; for the judge, in this case, certainly did not act as counsel for the prisoner. Doubtless, had he been permitted, Mr. Newnam, who cross-examined the witnesses on behalf of Donellan, with very great skill and acumen, would have called attention to the various facts I have mentioned, and would also have pointed out, that if the conduct of Captain Donellan, upon the death of Sir Theodosius Broughton, was extraordinary, so was that of Lady Broughton, who, while her son was yet living, though terribly convulsed, does not seem to have made the slightest effort to restore him. She sent a servant on horseback, it is true, for a medical man; but in that Captain Donellan joined, giving up his own horse for the purpose, as the swiftest. But she seems to have applied no restoratives, to have used no means whatever for her son's recovery—not even such as would have been applied in the case of a person in a common fainting-fit; but left a servant to wipe the froth from her son's lips, disputing with Donellan about the bottles and the dirty clothes, and walking away into the other room. The conduct of both was certainly extraordinary; and no great affection or attention seems to have been shewn by either to the unhappy young man. It may also be noticed, that on a previous occasion, as appears from the evidence of Samuel Frost, a

draught, sent by the same apothecary who furnished the medicine which Sir Theodosius was to have taken, or did take, on the day of his death, made him exceedingly ill, and produced vomiting; and also that he was in the habit of keeping large quantities of arsenic in his room, using it to poison fish, with very little caution. One more point of importance, as taken in connection with other facts, was strongly urged against the prisoner at the trial; but which, separated from the other facts, would be of very little value. A correspondence was produced between Donellan and Sir William Wheeler, the young baronet's guardian, from which the counsel for the prosecution and the judge inferred that the former had studiously laboured to prevent the body from being opened; but I confess that this is not made clear to me, for not only did Donellan, in his second letter, cheerfully assent to the examination, but he pointedly requested Sir William to be at Lawford Hall when the autopsy took place, which would effectually have prevented the possibility of deferring or omitting the investigation. The distance was only eight or ten miles from Sir William Wheeler's house to Lawford Hall, and therefore there was every probability that he would accede to this request; but, from some inconceivable point of delicacy, he did not choose to go, thinking fit to suppose that Donellan requested him to be present at the dissection, although his words would not bear that interpretation for a moment, merely desiring his presence at Lawford Hall. The physicians and surgeons who attended to open the body, declined to do it, from the state of putrefaction in which it appeared; and because Captain Donellan informed them that an examination was desired for the satisfaction of the family, without mentioning that a suspicion of poison was entertained, the inference was drawn that he wished the examination not to take place. It is clear, however, that he sent for them, that he requested them to open the body, that he invited Sir William Wheeler to be at the Hall at the time; and, moreover, that he was so careless upon the whole matter, that the very letter from Sir William Wheeler, in which he desired the body to be opened, "not to satisfy his curiosity, but the public," fell into the hands of Mr. Powell, the apothecary, and was read by him, by some extraordinary mistake. I cannot see that any presumption of guilt can be fairly established from this part of Donellan's conduct, for there is quite as much on the one side as on the other; and it was perfectly natural that a man in his situation should, in the whole transactions connected with this event, be somewhat agitated and confused, when he knew that suspicions were entertained of his having committed a great crime, and had reason to believe that the steps employed were directed to obtain evidence against him. I do not wish it to be supposed for one moment, that I entertain the slightest suspicion of Lady Boughton having been criminally accessory to the death of her son, for I entertain none. But it is clear to me that she was strongly prejudiced against Donellan, and that her evidence was seriously and unjustifiably affected by her prejudices. Nor do I mean to say that I am by any means convinced that Donellan was innocent, for the case was one of doubt. But I must contend that three things are plain, from the evidence taken at the trial: first, there was no sufficient proof that Sir Theodosius Boughton died by poison at all; secondly, that if he did die of poison, there is no proof that it was laurel-water; thirdly, that if he did die of poison, and that poison was laurel-water, there was not sufficient evidence to shew that Captain Donellan administered it, or put it in his way, for the purpose of procuring his death.

POETRY.

The Isle of Arran; a Poem. Cantos I. and II. Fraser, Edinburgh.

THE author, with a rare consciousness and candour, expresses, in his brief and modest preface, "a fear that he may be only writing verse, and not poetry." It is but too

true. With a great deal of poetical sentiment, he is deficient in poetical genius; he knows what is poetry, he can appreciate it in others, he can imitate it, but he cannot create it. He is one of the million verse-makers who have mistaken aspiration for inspiration.

And yet the *Isle of Arran* is better than most of the compositions, pretending to be poems, with which the press teems. In a less fastidious age, the author might even have achieved considerable fame. But our generation looks for loftier strains than those that satisfied our grandfathers. A galaxy of true poets have taught us what poetry is; they have given us a standard by which to try the claims of all aspirants, and as our occupations are numerous and books so abundant, readers of the present day are compelled to be fastidious, and to be satisfied with nothing that is not excellent; mere mediocrity is not endurable, and even moderate merit has no chance. But to nothing more than this are the pretensions of the volume upon our desk. The author must be content for the future to make poetry "an agreeable occupation," if he must write, however irksome it may be to scribble what nobody reads. He cannot hope to win a circle of admirers, for throughout these pages there is not a single passage embodying an original thought. In the mere mechanism of verse the author is a proficient, save in his rhymes, which are not always correct. For instance, "beheld, field,"—"brow, below,"—"boat, pot,"—"wand, strand,"—"trees, villages,"—"lay, admiringly,"—"vast, traced,"—and such like, which are found in every page, and grate painfully on the ear. Sins of this sort are more fatal to the public reputation of a volume of poetry even than more substantial defaults. These, however, we, as critics, should have forgiven, if they had been compensated by fine and novel ideas; but we look in vain for any such. At best, all is pretty commonplace.

EDUCATION.

The Collegiate, School, and Family History of England, &c. By EDWARD FARR, F.S.A. Longman and Co. London, 1848.

MR. FARR truly observes in his preface, that "a History of England for Schools and Families is a desideratum in literature." All that they have been enabled to procure hitherto have been the histories of the kings, not those of the people, and the narratives of wars have filled a larger space than the records of progress in the arts of peace. Indeed, no history is fitted for the reading of children, but such as proclaim in every page the wickedness of war, never naming a battle but with shame and sorrow, and telling of it, if a necessity, as a necessary evil over which it becomes Christian men to weep, and never to rejoice. "A complete History of England," says Mr. FARR, "must present a view of the people at large, in their religion, government, laws, literature, arts, sciences, commerce, industry, manufactures, and manners and customs." This is the ideal which he has endeavoured to realise in the volume before us. To a great extent, he has succeeded in his design; but there is yet too much of a dry chronological tone in the work to accord precisely with our taste. Perhaps this may be the unavoidable consequence of compression; but it is so material an obstacle to popularity with children, that minuteness might have been advantageously exchanged for more of the picturesque and dramatic in the narrative. But even with this defect, it is certainly the best school and family History of England we have ever seen.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. Part I. W. S. Orr and Co.—This is the first part of a new and beau-

tiful edition of the famous work of CUVIER, admirably translated, and profusely illustrated with engravings remarkable for their spirit. Instead of the finely-drawn and unnatural portraits of animals usually found in books of this class, we are here presented with truthful sketches, which represent, not the form alone, but the characteristics of the animal, each being taken in some striking attitude. The Wapiti, for instance, is worthy of the pencil of EDWIN LANDSEER: and it will add greatly to the attractions of the work to state that they are all from the pencil of his brother, THOMAS LANDSEER. No less than five of these engravings illustrate this part.

The Image of his Father; a Tale of a Young Monkey. By the Brothers MAYHEW. Part I. Hurst.—The first part of a tale of our own time, which, so far as it proceeds, promises well. Dr. Vyse, the schoolmaster, and his wife, are characters from whom a lot of fun may be anticipated. Two engravings illustrate this first part.

A History of France and of the French People. By G. M. BUSSEY and THOMAS GASPEY. Part I. London: Orr and Co.—The interest lately excited in all that appertains to France and Frenchmen has prompted the preparation of numerous works intended to meet the sudden demand for information. Already some dozen histories of the late Revolution, as well as of its predecessor, are announced. But we have heard of no other attempt, save the present one, to supply a complete history of France, from the earliest times to our own; and it is strange that our literature does not possess one really satisfactory history of our republican neighbours, although their own literature has been, of late years, so largely enriched with materials for such a compilation. We think it, therefore, not unlikely that the work before us will find a large sale, especially as it is beautifully printed, and illustrated with numerous engravings. Of the literary portion of it we cannot as yet form a fair opinion, but so far as the authors have proceeded they appear to have carefully consulted the best authorities, and they have wisely quoted largely from the French historians wherever the subject did not require condensation.

The Gentleman's Magazine for April, has something more than mere archeology to attract the general reader. Mr. NICHOLS has contributed some extremely interesting "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," in the correspondence of Bishop Percy, hitherto unpublished. "A Visit to Brougham Hall," is another attractive paper, as is "An Hour with Athenæus." The Obituary is unusually ample. We extract one very curious paper, which, at this time of sanitary investigation, will have a special interest for our readers. It is

A LIST OF THE FATAL DISEASES IN WESTMINSTER, IN THE YEAR 1557.

The following extracts, selected out of the Records of St. Margaret's church, are made from the careful notices, given by the registrar, of the different causes of deaths which occurred during a few months in the year 1557.

Maſſi	xxij die.	Joh'n Crypscott, off penyry.
xxix		[blank] Carter, off pynnyng.
xxx		Anthony [blank], off a fever.
"		Thomas Lawne, off a fervint ague.
"		Thomas Lawnsetter, off a canker.
xxxi		Thomas Hardyng, a surfett, and burnyng ague.
"		Robert Jones, off a pynnyng sycknes.
Junii	ij die.	Rychard Wodde, off ague.
"		Symond Alyvesey, of a swellng.
iiij		Elisabeth Mumfode, consumption.
"		Wyllam Tyler, off ague and thought [cough].
"		Joh'n Fynche, of the bloody flyxe.
iv die.		Joh'n Shute, off the fluxe and a consumption.
v		Mr. Thomas Holles, off ague, with a surfett.
vii		George Lawrence, of the colleck and stone, long sycke.
"		Item. Elisabeth Hethe, of the ague with Godd's marks.
viiij die.		Jone Smyth, an olde woman longe sycke.
"		Maudlen Preston, of thought [cough] and pockes.

- x die. Wyllyam Foster, off very povertye.
 xij die. Jone Allen, off a postum [abscess] which brake.
 xiiij die. Johen Mydleton, off a browce [bruise?]
 xxij die. Joh'n Bympanye, off famyne.
 xxvi die. Thomas Willmore, consumed away.
 Julij ii die. Item. Elisabethe Trystone, of an impostyme.
 vii die. Rycharde Hudson, of age.
 ix die. Syr Richard Lloyd, Clerke, of a sur-fett [plethora?].
 xiiij die. Joane Letsame, a chrysomer [i. e. a child, dying between the time of its baptism and its mother's churching].
 xiv die. Thomas Leike, taken [by visitation of God?].
 xx die. Alyce [blank], a strangere, of bled-yage.
 xxix die. Tobye Holdene, of the measells.
 Aug. iij. die. Willelmus Voter, of the blake jawndys.
 xxix die. Alyce Betterne, of chyncoughe [hooping-cough].
 Sept. xx die. Thomas Buckynghame, of tong-tyed [a child so born].
 xxvii die. Chrystiane Cleve, of the newe agewe.
 Oct. xxiii die. Alyce Lane, a chyld, of the wormes.
 xxv die. Joh'n Carter, of the fallung syknes [epilepsy?].
 Nov. v die. Margerie Towe, of quarterne [quar-tan] agewe.
 xi die. Agnes Knappe, of the age of LXXV, of this new decease [influenza?].
 xxiv die. Jone Comber, of the newe syknes.
 During the same period there died—
 Of "famine," in June 2 persons, in July 5, in Aug. 6, in Sept. 4.
 Of "ague," in June 9 persons, in July 8, in Aug. 7, in Sept. 9.
 Of "pining sickness," in June 7 persons, in July 4, in Sept. 5.
 In October, of "ague" 14 persons died, and of "pining sickness" 7; and of the latter disease in November, 8. The plague appeared in A.D. 1563.
 "June, the xxijth dale, Will'm, Mr. Pecoke's man, of the plague."

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Letter to Richard Cobden, M.P. on Free Trade and Slave Labour. By THOMAS HODGKIN, M.D.

Dr. HODGKIN has dedicated a considerable portion of his useful and active life to the cause of the slave, and he has watched with the profoundest interest the progress of the double experiment which England has adventured,—the abolition of the slave-trade, and the abolition of slavery.

His object in this pamphlet is to set forth the reasons which, after careful inquiry, have led him to the conviction that the most rigid application of the principles of Free Trade cannot require or sanction the admission or patronage of the produce of Slave Labour. Dr. HODGKIN's argument is, that Free Trade, which is nothing more than the right of unrestricted intercourse for the purpose of interchange of the products of labour, cannot abrogate the moral law which forbids us to participate in the profits of crime.

This is a very fair issue on which to put the question. But the decision is not so plain as it appears. Like all other general assertions, its truth must be tested by applying it to particular cases, and if we find that it will not endure this test, we may be sure that the principle itself is not sound.

The principle asserted by Dr. HODGKIN, as that which ought to regulate all our commercial dealings, involves this further duty,—to inquire, before we buy any article, however trifling, not only into the manner in which the vender procured it, but into the mode of its manufacture. The rule, if good for anything, cannot be limited to the productions of Slave Labour; it must prevail equally with those

products which are obtained from overworked free labour—from the toil of women and children, not voluntary workers—and therefore practically as entirely slaves as the producers of cotton and sugar. We are bound to see, before we buy a loaf at a shop, that it is not made at the cost of the health and lives of the baker's boys, of which we have lately heard such fearful accounts. Nay, more, it is our duty to ascertain that the baker has paid the miller for his flour, or at least intends to pay for it. There is no limit indeed to the inquiry we should be required to make into the affairs of our neighbours, if we apply the principle fairly; and if it will not bear such an universal application, we may be assured that it is not a principle at all, but a fallacy.

Again, if it is our duty to exclude slave-grown sugar, it is equally our duty to exclude slave-grown cotton, coffee, and tobacco. Is Dr. HODGKIN prepared to do this? If not, why not? We have no right to make a convenience of our morality, and, upon principle, to exclude one product while we admit other products equally objectionable, only because it would be extremely inconvenient to us to carry our morality so far. We never could understand this sort of one-eyed virtue.

How, then, do we reconcile a proposition apparently so indubitable, with these difficulties in its practical application? Thus:—that it is a fallacy: that our duty is not such as it is by that principle asserted to be. We are not bound to be inquisitors over our neighbours and those who have dealings with us. It is not our mission to make other people moral by any other process than persuasion and example. Our duty with respect to others is to compel those who live under the same laws to obey those laws; but for the sins which the law does not reach, it is neither our duty, nor have we a right, to ferret them out and inflict our own punishment. If they are sins in fact, and not merely sins according to our particular notions, their punishment will assuredly follow, as a necessary consequence and by a law of nature,—we have no call to interfere. More especially is this the case in the intercourse of nations. One nation has no right to establish a standard of morality for another. But this we do if we say, "We will not deal with you, because you practise slavery." They answer, "Only fifteen years ago you did the same. That cannot be so unquestionably a crime in us as to require you to excommunicate us for it, seeing that it was so lately practised by yourselves, and maintained by your Church and your Parliament to be no sin."

We repeat that our duty is limited to this—to adhere strictly to what we deem to be right, but not to impose our standard of morality upon others, save by the influence of exhortation and example.

RELIGION.

The Church's Holydays, the only Safeguard against the Desecration of the Lord's Day. By WILLIAM GRAPEL, B. A. London, 1848. Masters.

THIS is an eloquent and powerful appeal to the community to encourage less work and more holiday. Rest, says the author, is necessary for health, recreation for happiness. "All work and no play"—you know the proverb. Everybody in England who lives by labour is over-worked. Sunday is the only holiday; but then it is the custom in England to treat Sunday more as a day of asceticism than of enjoyment. Still, as the over-tasked must have some relaxation, they will violate the sanctity

of the Sabbath if it cannot be otherwise procured. That the Sabbath-day may be kept holy, it is necessary, therefore, that some other days should be observed as holidays. What better than those appointed by the church? Accordingly, the conclusion of Mr. GRAPEL is, that it would be well for society to restore the strict observance of the church's holydays.

We quite agree with him as to the evil, but we question his remedy. What is the condition of all countries in which the church's holydays are observed? Are they not less thriving than our own? But the truth is, that all classes in England have set up a high standard of living—much higher than any other people, and to maintain that we are compelled to work so long and so hard. If we reduce the hours of labour, we must make up our minds to reduce also the expenses of existence—to have less costly furniture, smaller houses, inferior clothing, and coarser food. Is any class in England prepared to purchase holidays at this price? We trow not. But in truth we have lost the taste for holidays; we do not know how to enjoy the few we have. See how wearisome and kill-time are the looks of all the strollers in the streets and parks on Easter Monday or Christmas-day! They seem to think the day too long. They have no sports and pastimes, no dances and revels, like other nations, to cheer the spirits and enliven the hours. The ascetics have put a stop to all harmless recreations on the plea of encouraging religion, whereas they have really encouraged only the dissipations that can be indulged in secret. We approve Mr. GRAPEL's end, but we fear he has mistaken the means.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sketch of the History of the House of Russell.

By DAVID ROSS, of the *Liverpool Chronicle*. London: Orr and Co.

ORIGINALLY published in a provincial newspaper, this sketch so pleased its readers, that the author has been induced to seek a wider public. It is, in fact, a sort of extended genealogy. Brief biographies are given of each of the heads of the House of RUSSELL, male and female, from the first Earl of BEDFORD, ennobled in 1538, to the present time.

The name of RUSSELL is Norman, from the château of Rozel, in Normandy, the possession of their ancestry. They came over soon after the Conquest, but were first raised to distinction in the reign of HENRY VIII. We glean a few of the most curious and interesting anecdotes collected in these pages.

FRANCIS, second Earl of Bedford, was sent by ELIZABETH as her representative to the Court of MARY Queen of Scots, and he has left some interesting details of his reception. Among the rest is a narrative of

THE BIRTH OF JAMES I.

The Earls of Murray and Bothwell, and Secretary Maitland, came forward two miles out of Stirling on the 14th, with one hundred horse, to do him honour, and brought him to the castle, and so to the presence of the queen immediately, before he had arrayed himself, "or even plucked off his boots." Mary, as he entered the presence-chamber, was sitting by a bedside, attended by Huntley, Argyle, and many other earls and lords. "She saluted," says the chronicler of the day, "my lord of Bedford with a kiss, whether he would or no; and, after a little talk had with him, embraced all the gents; after which we passed into the great chamber, where he had a banquet of sweetmeat, and so went from the castle." On the 15th, being Sunday, they attended service in the parish church, and after dinner, about two or three o'clock, Bed-

ford and his attendants were sent for by the queen, and "had a long talk with her, which being ended, the queen went into the nursery to see her bairn, which was brought openly in the presence for every man to see, by the Countess of Murray, governess to the prince; and my lord going away, was sent for again to the queen in the nursery, to see the young prince naked, and lawful for every gentleman to see." After supper they went again to the court, "where they saw the queen dance and her ladies, and so did divers Scottish gentlemen, and Mr. Carey and Mr. Hatton," (afterwards Sir Christopher.) At this interview the earl delivered his credentials, and informed the Scottish queen that his mistress had appointed the Countess of Argyle to act as her proxy at the christening. On the following day, after supper, the earl delivered Elizabeth's present to the queen. It was a font of pure and massive gold, which weighed, according to Stowe, 333 ounces, and was valued at 1,043*l.* 19*s.*; while a more homely Scottish chronicler of the day has recorded that it was "two stane wecht." Large as it was, however, Elizabeth entertained apprehensions that it would be too small to contain the person of the infant prince; and she had given Bedford instructions, among graver matters, "to say, pleasantly, that it was made as soon as she heard of the prince's birth, and then 'twas big enough for him; but now he, being grown, is too big for it; therefore it may be better used for the next child, provided it be christened before it outgrows the font."

This is a sketch from the memoirs of her daughter, ANNE CLIFFORD, Countess of Pembroke, of the

CHARACTER OF MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

The blessed and religious lady, Margaret Russell, was born about the 6th July, 1560, in her father's house at Exeter, which house was once a nunnery; and by reason that her mother, Margaret, Countess of Bedford, died of the small-pox in Woburn House, when she was but a year old, she, the then little lady Margaret Russell, was by her father sent to her mother's sister, Mrs. Alice Elmers, of Lilford, in Northamptonshire, to be bred up there some seven years; and from there, when about eight years old, she was brought home, to live in her father's house, under the government of her mother-in-law, till she came to be married. She was married to George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, the 24th June, in 1577, in St. Mary Overy's church, in Southwark, she being then near seventeen years old, and he near nineteen; his sister, the lady Frances Clifford, being married to Phillip, Lord Wharton, at the same time and place: it being so great a marriage that Queen Elizabeth honoured it with her presence. A little after her marriage she went with her husband down into the north, to Skipton Castle, in Craven, to live there with him, and his mother and their friends, for the most part of eight years. This Margaret Russell was endowed with many perfections of mind and body. She was naturally of a high spirit, though she tempered it well by grace; having a very well-favoured face, with sweet and quick grey eyes, and of a comely personage. She was of a graceful behaviour, which she increased the more by her being civil and courteous to all ranks of people. She had a discerning spirit, both into the disposition of human creatures and natural causes, and into the affairs of the world. She had a great, sharp, natural wit, so as there were few worthy sciences, but she had some insight into them; for though she had no language but her own, yet were there few books of worth translated into English but she read them; whereby that excellent mind of hers was much enriched, which even by nature was endowed with the seeds of the four moral virtues—prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. She was a lover of the study and practice of alchemy (chemistry), by which she found out excellent medicines, that did much good to many. She delighted in distilling of waters and other chemical extractions, for she had some knowledge in most kind of minerals, herbs, flowers, and plants. And certainly the infusion which she had

from above, of many excellent knowledges and virtues, both divine and human, did bridle and keep under that great spirit of hers, and caused her to have the sweet peace of the heavenly and quiet mind in the midst of all her griefs and troubles, which were many. She was dearly beloved by those of her friends and acquaintance that had excellent wits, and were worthy and good; so as towards her latter end she would often say that the kindness of her friends towards her had been one of the most comfortable parts of her life, and particularly of her husband's two sisters. She was also very happy in the dear love and affection of her eldest and excellent sister, Anne Russell, Countess of Warwick (who being almost thirteen years older than herself, was a kind of a mother to her), as well as in that of their middle sister, Countess of Bath; for these three sisters in those times were the most remarkable ladies for their greatness and goodness of any three sisters in the kingdom.

Her daughter, the writer of this eloquent description, has thus pictured herself:—

ANNE CLIFFORD, COUNTESS OF DORSET, BY HERSELF.

"I was," says she, "very happy in my first constitution, both in mind and body—both for internal and external endowments; for never was there a child more equally resembling both father and mother than myself. The colour of mine eyes was black, like my father's, and the form and aspect of them was quick and lively like my mother's. The hair of my head was brown, and very thick, and so long that it reached to the calf of my legs when I stood upright: with a peak of hair on my forehead, and a dimple on my chin. Like my father, full cheeks; and round face, like my mother; and an exquisite shape of body resembling my father. But now time and age have long since ended all those beauties, which are to be compared to the grass of the field. For now, when I caused these memorables of myself to be written, I have passed the sixty-third year of my age. And, though I say it, the perfections of my mind were much above those of my body: I had a strong and copious memory, a sound judgment, and a discerning spirit; and so much of a strong imagination in me, as that many times even my dreams and apprehensions beforehand proved to be true; so that old Mr. John Denham, a great astronomer that sometimes lived in my father's house, would often say, that I had much in me in nature to shew that the sweet influences of the Pleiades and the bands of Orion, mentioned in Job, were powerful both at my conception and nativity!"

From these extracts the reader will be enabled to form an opinion of the sort of entertainment provided for him in this very acceptable publication.

Some Account of the Foundation of Elton College, and of the Past and Present Condition of the School. By E. S. CREASY, M.A. Professor of History at the University of London. London, 1848. Longman and Co.

THE purpose of this little treatise is to give some elementary account of the origin, progress, and present condition of the principal public school in England. Mr. CREASY has narrated these very faithfully, and he has added in an appendix the sets of examination papers recently used at the school. To old Etonians it will be welcome for its reminiscences; to those who are or who are about to become Etonians it will be acceptable for its information.

Life in a Convent. By SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY. London. Hall and Co.

It seems that Mr. DAY was formerly a monk of the Order of the Presentation, and having thrown off the cowl after a long struggle between inclination and duty, he employs himself now in exposing to public reprobation the secrets of the cell. In this volume he preaches against with great power the intellectual,

moral, and religious despotism of the monastic system, which nips all the natural energies and affections. He asserts that its tendency is not to foster but to disturb and destroy true piety; that, however alluring to the imagination of the enthusiast, it is found, after a little experience, to be intolerably tedious and hateful. This is bad enough when it is a voluntary act; but it is terrible when, as is often the case, it is compelled, not, of course, by actual force or command, but by entreaties which are equivalent to it.

But this little book is rather a declamation than a narrative. The author does not describe what he did and felt so much as extract from others what they have said of the evils of solitude. It is a sort of sermon against monkery, and certainly does not justify the encomiums of the Rev. Mr. FLETCHER. The best portions are those borrowed from other writers, and among them a poem by GERALD GRIFFIN, author of "The Collegians," who was tempted to enter a monastery, but bitterly repented it, and who has left these lines painfully expressive of his feelings:—

I AM ALONE! I AM ALONE!

My soul is sick and alone,
No social ties its love entwine;
A heart upon a desert thrown,
Beats not in solitude like mine:
For though the pleasant sunlight shine,
It showed no form that I may own,
And closed to me is friendship's shrine,—
I am alone!—I am alone!

It is no joy for me,
To mark the fond and eager meeting
Of friends whom absence pined, and see
The love-lit eyes speak out their greeting;
For then a stillly voice repeating,
What oft hath woke its deepest moan,
Startles my heart and stays its beating,—
I am alone!—I am alone!

Why hath my soul been given
A zeal to soar at higher things
Than quiet rest?—to seek a heaven,
And fall with scathed heart and wings?
Have I been blest? the sea-wave sings
'Tween me and all that was mine own;
I've found the joy ambition brings,
And walk alone!—and walk alone!

I have a heart:—I'd live
And die for him whose worth I knew,
But could not clasp his hand and give
My full heart forth as talkers do;
And they who loved me—the kind few
Believed me changed in heart and tone,
And left me, while it burned as true,
To live alone!—to live alone!

And such shall be my day
Of life, unfriended, cold, and dead,
My hope shall slowly wear away,
As all my young affections fled;
No kindred hand shall grace my head
When life's last flickering light is gone;
But I shall find a silent bed,
And die alone!—and die alone!

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Natural History of the Human Species. By Lieut.-Col. C. HAMILTON SMITH. Edinburgh, 1848. Lizars.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THESE are the

REMAINS OF ABNORMAL TRIBES.

From the occasional destruction of whole tribes and races, which is sometimes caused, even in modern ages, by the sword, by contagious diseases, or by new modes of life, and the introduction of vices before unknown, it is evident that numerous populations of the human family have disappeared without leaving a record of their ancient existence. We may instance savages in the British Islands, who had flint knives, a kind of earthen pottery, and dwelt in caves. They were contemporaneous with hyenas and lost species, for their bones are found

in the same deposits; consequently, they are older than the Cynete, who preceded the other Celtic colonies in this island. Continental Europe affords instances of several more whose history is a blank, although there remain scattered families, with peculiar marks of distinction, in evidence of the anterior existence of communities of the same kind. Some, still extant, seem to have been objects of slander and persecution, under several successive social systems, denied the rights of common humanity, without a comprehensible cause, and even in defiance of the kindness which Christian pastors evinced for them. Others are still said to be untractable, notwithstanding the government endeavours to make them adopt the manners and duties of civilized life. The caves, with human bones, in Quercy, already mentioned, belong to this class. Such are the Cagots of the south-east of France, by some asserted to derive their name from a contraction of Can-goth, because they are a residue of the Goths, who, being anciently Arians, were held in detestation by their neighbours; they were stigmatised as lepers, and refused entrance into church by the common doors, &c. This people, either an ancient residue, or latterly forced to a vagrant life, extended, under many different names, to Guienne, Bearn, Bretagne, and la Rochelle, being sometimes confounded with gypsies, although they were known before the arrival of the latter, and even enjoined not to appear abroad without the mark of a goat's foot sewed upon the outer garment. King Louis XVI. first ameliorated their condition, and the French revolution finally swept away all the remaining legal disabilities.* In the forests of ancient Dauphiny, there exist also relics of another population, unrecorded in history, but commonly ascribed to a Saracen or Moorish origin, stragglers of those who invaded France in the seventh and eighth century, and were unable to escape. There were Caucones in the Peloponessus, Conconi (drinkers of horse-blood), and Cheretani, in the Eastern Pyrenees; but they and the Almogavaries have been absorbed. The Chuvash, still found scattered in the provinces of Kasan, Sembrisk, and Orenburg, in Russia, are a still more obscure race of men. They seem to be the remnant of a semi-brute population, which was scattered on the arrival of the more intellectual Caucasians. In mental capacity, the Chuvashes are reported to be inferior even to the Ostiaks and Samoyedes. They live without taking the slightest notice of the world around them, in a condition little elevated above the Orang Outang. While increase and activity is every where witnessed in their vicinity, they alone remain stationary; industry and civilisation excites in them no desires, no wish to be partakers of prosperity; none ever shew inclinations to barter, or to be stimulated by gain to increase the means of comfort or of personal happiness, still less to learn any trade. Their countenances are stupid, their habits incurably lazy, and their religion, for they have a worship, the most degrading idolatry. Their language is barbarously imperfect, and their manners and customs are still more revolting. The Assassins, Ansarie, Batenians, Dozzim, Laks, and Yezedis of South Western Asia, still persecuted, but not wholly exterminated, are tribes of primeval origin variously mixed. The Gypsies, Zingari, Sinde, may be of the same stock as the Tschinganes at the mouth of the Indus, who are themselves a tribe of mixed oriental Negroes and Caucasians, and are likewise connected with the Gungas or Indian Gypsies, and Laubes of Africa, who may all be instanced as examples of the development of human beauty, whenever the typical races are crossed; for, while this result is impressed on the whole of the Asiatic stems, the Laubes, dwelling in the Jaloff country, in Western Africa, though of the Zingara race, are remarkably ugly and diminutive, probably because they are unmixed even with the Negro tribes around them. In one characteristic they all unite, namely, to be, by predilection, wanderers without a home; not graziers nor cattle-dealers, but tinkers and pilferers. Another outcast race, in central Africa, are

the Cumbrie Blacks, whose origin is still less known. Though they are considered to be genuine Negroes, they are not permitted to have a national existence, but are treated as slaves by all the other tribes in Yaouri and Engarski. This fact is sufficient to prove them of a distinct origin, and their present character to be superinduced by the lust and lawlessness of conquest and oppression. The Guanches, perhaps identical with the ancient inhabitants of Fernando Po, both sallow nations; the first latterly, the second not yet extinct, appear on the skirts of Africa, as remnants of a race of tenants of the soil, before the expansion of the Negroes. The cannibal Ompizee of Madagascar, copper coloured savages, who fed upon each other till they are nearly or perhaps now entirely destroyed, may have belonged to the same stock, for they have no national affinities with any other people of the island. We may mention here the Benderwars, a Joand tribe on the Nerbudda, who devour their aged and sick in honour of Kali; the Ogres or Gholes of Rajahstan, known by the name of Rakshassas, Pisachas, or Bhutas, Aghori, Mardikohrs, &c. feeders on human carrion, whose habits are already mentioned by Ctesias, and are still not entirely extinct. Other tribes there are, equally aberrant, almost as degraded in mind and form, but caused by the wretched conditions of their existence, or by an apathy of character which no force of example or change of circumstances seems to affect; such are the Samang Dwarfs of the Malayan mountains, and the black Inagata of the island of Lasso, whose stature seldom exceeds four feet eight inches. It will be an interesting object of consideration for anatomists, who may be placed in favourable conditions for observation, to examine the brain of children belonging to these races in the foetus, and particularly after birth, as it may be expected to display a still more imperfect state than that of a Negro infant.

Captain SMITH has come to the conclusion that the form and capacity of brain determine the intellectual characters of the various races. He says—

But there are tribes, such as we have already named, who are not to be taught by example, or by the advantageous results of undertaking certain things that their inclinations reject. The Jews probably never were a truly agricultural people, working by their own hands. The Veneti, Heneti, Gwyniad, or Ventue, were always the real commercial pedlars of antiquity. The Armenians are nationally merchants, from London to Bokhara. Neither were ever warriors: they traded solely; and the last-mentioned continue to act on the same principle. They lived under the shield of the strongest warlike people that would protect them; the first, under Etruscans, Gauls, and Romans, till the fall of the Western Empire; and the second under still existing governments. Some nations decline the use of horses, others abhor the plough or a sea-life. The Gypsies are always tinkers. These predilections must therefore depend on modifications of the brain. That the volume of brain in relation to the intellectual faculties, is clearly proved by Dr. Morton's researches, who, having filled, for this purpose, the cerebral chamber of skulls belonging to numerous specimens of the Caucasian, Mongolian, Malay, American, and Ethiopian (Negro) stock, with seeds of white pepper, found the first the most capacious, and the Ethiopian the smallest; though there may be some doubt whether the Negro crania that served for his experiment were not, in part at least, derived from slaves of the Southern States of North America, who, being descended from mixed African tribes, and much more educated, have larger heads than new negroes from the coast. We have personally witnessed the issue of military chacos (caps) to the 2nd West India regiment, at the time when all the rank and file were bought out of slave-ships, and the sergeants alone being in part white, men of colour, negroes of North America, or born Creoles, and it was observed that scarcely any fitted the heads of the privates excepting the two smallest sizes; in many cases robust men, of the standard height, required padding an inch and a half in

thickness to fit their caps; while those of the non-commissioned officers were adjusted without any additional aid. Though, on one hand, it is here stated that the negroes from the coast of Africa were, in all probability, still less favoured than the measurements of Dr. Morton proved, it is, on the other, equally true that the progress of development and the elevation of the forehead in the mixed offspring between the woolly-haired and white races is often effaced in a second generation. It is so always much sooner than the apparently insignificant characters of the colour of the skin, and the crispness of the hair, which is never totally obliterated till after the fourth generation, when the African character may be deemed absorbed.

It is a prevalent opinion that ideas of beauty vary in different countries. Captain SMITH denies this, asserting that there is a general agreement as to what constitutes female beauty. He says—

In gracefulness of proportion, the American mixed white races with Negroes, both of French and British, and still more, of Spanish origin, yield to none in any part of the world; and it is a mistaken notion to believe in the assertion that the standard contour of beauty and form differs materially in any country. Fashion may have the influence of setting up certain deformities for perfections, both at Pekin and at Paris, but they are invariably apologies which national pride offers for its own defects. The youthful beauty of Canton would be handsome in London; and the Tahtar nations, in the days of their conquering career, married the daughters of semi-Caucasian nomad princes, or notoriously selected for their chiefs the same class of European or Caucasian forms as they still purchase from Circassia and Persia, Afghanistan, Cashmere, and India. Luddee, the young wife of Abba Thule, chief of the Pelew Islands, was handsome on the Caucasian model; so are all the beauties of Malay or other blood in the South Sea Islands—the most admired young females among the Arookas and the Caribs. The Chippeways likewise have many beauties, and so was Harriet, the belle of Lorette Sauvage, a Huron village near Quebec. In all these cases, both Europeans and natives agreed.

He combats, also, the prevalent belief that the moderns have degenerated in size and strength from their progenitors:—

As yet, no great stress can be laid on results obtained from an imperfect instrument, partial inquiries, and questionable nationalities; still enough is determined to reject an opinion, often prevalent, that the moderns are degenerate when compared with their ancestors. The conclusion is further controverted by an experiment made at Goodrich Court, where the splendid collection of ancient armour is classified, with rigorous attention both to date and nation, by Sir Samuel R. Meyrick, the enlightened and munificent possessor. Two gentlemen, one of middle stature, with ample chest and shoulders, and the other somewhat taller, but of more slender structure, endeavoured to find armour sufficiently large to fit either one or the other, and failed, in a collection where, we believe, they had a choice of upwards of sixty complete suits of plate, all defensive armour, which nevertheless had been worn, in preceding centuries, by chivalry, and persons of distinction, in England, France, Germany, and Italy. Hence King John, Petit Jean de Saintré, the Constable of Bourbon, the Prince de Condé ("ce petit homme tant joli"), and Nicolo Piccinino, were not the only valiant men of small proportions in the feudal ages. At the present period, the British upper classes are probably of higher stature than the aristocracy of any other civilised people; but taken nationally, the Prussian, and all the fair-haired natives of the north-west of Europe, are of greatest height, since the standard size for the military service is above that of any other people in Europe. Northern Chinese, or Highland Tahtars, we have been informed by a general officer who served in the late war, were found to be fully equal in stature and bulk to our stoutest

* There are recent accounts of this people, written by Baron Ramon, as well as ancient notices by Ochenartus, *Vasconie notitia*. Bel Forest, and Paul Merula.

grenadiers; but we have since learned, from another officer, that when these men appeared on the field they were found to be Miao-tze—that is, a people of Caucasian or Caucaso-Malay origin.

These extracts will suffice to shew the character of a volume which should be placed among the orders of the Book-club and the Literary and Mechanics' Institutions.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Poems. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Second series. Cambridge, 1848. George Nichols.* THE neutral-tinted covers wherein our New England friends are in the habit of enclosing their poetry, always excite a pleasing expectancy when they greet our sight among the green, scarlet, and dingy contents of our book-table. They suggest, at a glance, a dainty treat. We are confident that some quaint expression, fanciful image, or sweet versification awaits our enjoyment. The clear and inviting page seems to whisper, at least, a pure message, and we invariably place the promising volume aside for the more "breathing time of day." The superior refinement which these emanations of northern genius indicate, both in their outward guise and intrinsic spirit, is quite characteristic. Boston and its vicinity is the region of culture, and of that mental attrition which results in polish. A nicety of execution, a carefulness of arrangement, and a very decided moral aim and tone are demanded by the social requisitions of that section of the land. And in such qualities we are seldom disappointed by the acknowledged poets of New England. On the other hand, they are deficient, to our thinking, in naturalness and spontaneity. Art predominates in their verse. There is more of intellectual force than of poetic emotion; and the play of fancy shews itself rather in ingenuity of expression than warmth of imagery. Their poetry, instead of being the uncontrollable utterance of an overmastering sentiment—the lyric gush of feeling,—appears to be calmly and thoughtfully elaborated. An over-consciousness is evident. We cannot but think, as we read, of mosaic-workers—who first collect fragments of gems, and then patiently adapt them to each other—making a very tasteful and brilliant picture, the tints of which, however, do not flow into each other like those of the iris on a dove's neck, but rather exhibit outlines which often betray the fact that they are patchwork after all, though very beautifully designed, and combined with excellent judgment. Now, we confess a partiality for oneness, both of inspiration and effect. We are more stirred by unity than variety. It is a great principle of art, and its existence appears to us to mark precisely the difference between genius and talent—the one being a spontaneous and complete utterance, the other ingeniously combined expression.

Mr. LOWELL, in whose elegant volume we find confirmation of these views, has the liveliest poetic sympathies, and has studied the art of versification with taste and care. Several of the pieces in the volume before us are delightful in their way. When confining himself to simple narration, we think him most successful. As an evidence, take the following:—

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG.

The tower of old St. Nicholas soared upwards to the skies,
Like some huge piece of Nature's make, the growth of centuries;
You could not deem its crowding spires a work of human art,
They seemed to struggle lightward from a sturdy living heart.
Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in oak,
Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that grey pile she spoke;
And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone,
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedient stone.

* From the *Literary World*.

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect, yet so rough,
A whim of Nature crystallized slowly in granite tough;

The thick spires yearned towards the sky in quaint, harmonious lines,
And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a grove of blasted pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with better right
To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and of light;
And, in that forest petrified, as forester there dwells
Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward red as blood,
Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the eddying flood;
For miles away, the fiery spray poured down its deadly rain,
And back and forth the billows sucked, and paused, and burst again.

From square to square with tiger leaps, rushed on the lustful fire,
The air to leeward shuddered with the gasps of its desire;
And church and palace, which even now stood whelmed but to the knee,
Lift their black roofs like breakers lone amid the whirling sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched with quiet look;
His soul had trusted God too long to be at last forsok;
He could not fear, for surely God a pathway would unfold
Through this red sea for faithful hearts, as once he did of old.

But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his good saint call,
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the church-yard wall;
And, ere a *pater* half was said, 'mid smoke and crackling glare,
His island tower scarce juts its head above the wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart stood up sublime;
His first thought was for God above, his next was for his chime;
"Sing now and make your voices heard in hymns of praise," cried he,
"As did the Israelites of old, safe walking through the sea!"

"Through this red sea our God hath made the pathway safe to shore;
Our promised land stands full in sight; shout now as ne'er before!"
And as the tower came crushing down, the bells, in clear accord,
Pealed forth the grand old German hymn—"All good souls, praise the Lord!"

"To the Past," "The Royal Pedigree," and "Remembered Music," remind us too strongly of TENNYSON, of whom Mr. LOWELL seems often an unconscious imitator. The lines "On a Portrait by Dante," are inferior in pith and harmony to the admirable Lines on a Bust of Dante by the young Bostonian who so ably translated the first ten books of the *Inferno*, to which the verses are appended. We doubt whether the first development of a young poet is much facilitated by the habitual reading of favourite authors. In these poems we are struck with the superiority of the effusions which appear to have been suggested by some local incident, to those which are obviously modelled upon the old English or modern metaphysical bards. Imitation, whether conscious or unconscious, leads to a certain involution of language which has an artificial, and therefore injurious effect. Such phrases as "the slender clarion of the unseen midge," and "the frothy gnashed tusks of some ship-crunching bay"—are altogether too far-fetched and extravagant; and entirely unworthy of one who can express himself with manly simplicity. We are not in a fault-finding mood with Mr. LOWELL; we are only a little provoked that a poet, with so much of the genuine *mens divinator*, should ever suffer himself to fall into affectation. The following is a

beautiful little poem, and atones, by its nature and feeling, for a thousand offences against the dignity of the muse:—

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my trophies and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are, in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tint,
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,—
Of meadows were in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap,—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret shew,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

The school of which Mr. LOWELL may be considered a representative, seems to us to sacrifice the earnestness and absolute truth of poetry by too diffusive a scope. The affections as they really exist in the human heart, are individual, and especially so in the poetic nature, which is distinguished by a more select as well as a more genial sympathy. We are conservative enough to believe in some of the old, unostentatious, nestling emotions of which people were not ashamed in the olden times; and observation has made us extremely sceptical in regard to modern philanthropy. We doubt not that Mr. LOWELL is sincere in his zeal for the welfare of mankind in general, and the African race in particular; but in a spirit of the most friendly warning, we beg him not to yield a single inch to the encroachments of cant! Another trait which, in our view, derogates from the highest influence of poetry, is personality. It is very true that all good poetry must be written from experience, but this experience should appear in results and not as a process. We cannot reconcile the publication of a man's domestic history with true delicacy and self-respect. The bard may write of Love to his heart's content, and should do so; it is his duty and his inspiration—but the public should never be informed in detail, by the muse, of births, marriages, and deaths.

We have found so much to charm us in this little volume, that we could not pass it by with a general

word of commendation; but have felt impelled to make a few suggestions to a writer who has too real a sense of beauty, and too independent a spirit, to be satisfied with indiscriminate praise. There is more terseness, clearness, and point in these than the author's previous verses. Mere fantasy is less predominant; there is more reflection and a greater directness of language and ideas. We have room for only one more extract, which will give the reader a very good notion of Mr. LOWELL's best style:—

THE CAPTIVE.

It was past the hour of trysting,
But she lingered for him still;
Like a child, the eager streamlet
Leaped and laughed adown the hill,
Happy to be free at twilight
From its toiling at the mill.

Then the great moon on a sudden,
Ominous, and red as blood,
Startling as a new creation,
O'er the eastern hill-top stood,
Casting deep and deeper shadows
Through the mystery of the wood.

Dread closed huge and vague about her,
And her thoughts turned fearfully
To her heart, if there some shelter
From the silence there might be,
Like bare cedars leaning behind
From the blighting of the sea.

Yet he came not, and the stillness
Dampened round her like a tomb;
She could feel cold eyes of spirits
Looking on her through the gloom,
She could hear the groping footsteps
Of some blind, gigantic doom.

Suddenly the silence wavered
Like a light mist in the wind,
For a voice broke gently through it,
Felt like sunshine by the blind,
And the dread, like mist in sunshine,
Furled serenely from her mind.

"Once my love, my love for ever,—
Flesh or spirit, still the same;
If I missed the hour of trysting,
Do not think my faith to blame,
I, alas, was made a captive,
As from Holy Land I came.

"On a green spot in the desert,
Gleaming like an emerald star,
Where a palm-tree in lone silence,
Yearning for its mate afar,
Droops above a silver runnel,
Slender as a scymitar,—

"There thou'lt find the humble postern
To the castle of my foe;
If thy love burn clear and faithful,
Strike the gateway, green and low,
Ask to enter and the warder
Surely will not say thee no."

Slept again the aspen silence,
But her loneliness was o'er;
Round her heart a motherly patience
Wrapt its arms for evermore;
From her soul ebbed back the sorrow,
Leaving smooth the golden shore.

Donned she now the pilgrim scallop,
Took the pilgrim staff in hand;
Like a cloud-shade, flitting eastward,
Wandered she o'er sea and land;
Her soft footsteps in the desert
Fell like cool rain on the sand.

Soon beneath the palm-tree's shadow,
Kneelt she at the postern low;
And thereat she knocketh gently,
Fearing much the warder's no;
All her heart stood still and listened,
As the door swung backward slow.

There she saw no surly warder
With an eye like bolt and bar;
Through her soul a sense of music
Throbb'd—and, like a guardian Lar,
On the threshold stood an angel,
Bright and silent as a star.

Fairest seemed he of God's seraphs,
And her spirit, lily-wise,
Blossomed when he turned upon her
The deep welcome of his eyes,
Sending upward to that sunlight
All its due for sacrifice.

Then she heard a voice come onward
Singing with a rapture new,
As Eve heard the songs in Eden,
Dropping earthward with the dew;
Well she knew the happy singer,
Well the happy song she knew.

Forward leaped she o'er the threshold,
Eager as a glancing surf;
Fell from her the spirit's languor,
Fell from her the body's scurf:—
'Neath the palm next day some Arabs
Found a corpse upon the turf.

DECORATIVE ART.

The Laws of Harmonious Colouring adapted to Interior Decorations, with Observations on the Practice of House Painting. By D. R. HAY. Sixth Edition. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

It has been our desire to make the subject of Decorative Art a prominent and distinctive feature of THE CRITIC. The subject is of growing interest, and as yet it has no decided organ among the journals. It was in the hope at once of advancing the study of it, and diffusing a taste for it, that we proposed the establishment of the Decorative Art Union. The proposition was warmly welcomed, and a numerous body of subscribers entered their names; but when it was proceeding vigorously and on the eve of successful accomplishment, there came the great convulsions in Europe, and such was the diversion of thought produced by the absorbing interest of political events, that the Decorative Art Union, in common with all other societies not political, received a sudden check, and ceased to attract attention. Of necessity there has been a suspension of its proceedings, but, we trust, merely a temporary one, until a more favourable season, when the first astonishment at the sudden demolition of thrones and dissolution of empires having passed away, men's thoughts will resume their ordinary channel, and art will share with politics the regards of the public.

The volume before us is an evidence of the great progress which has been made of late years in the taste for decorative art. The quaker-like plainness which was the fashion with our fathers has given place to glow of colour and grace of form. We are fast banishing the absurdities of uniformity; we are requiring that every article of furniture shall be a work of art, and please the eye while it serves the purposes of utility. True, that as yet the public taste is uncertain and crude. Opinions are conflicting as to the propriety of rich colours in a drawing-room, and diversity of form and hue in its furniture. We are not all agreed that "variety is charming," and still we hear the terms "gaudy," "theatrical," "inconsistent," applied to the painted ceilings, and gay walls, and rich hangings with which the most advanced of our decorators love to adorn the houses committed to them. But experience of the actual pleasure derived from them, the sense of satisfaction felt after the first impression of novelty has passed away, speedily destroys the prejudice of habit and early associations. The innovations of the modern modes of decoration, which are, in fact, but revivals of that which our ancestors loved, are fast obtaining the ascendancy, and few buildings, whether public or private, are now erected or renovated of which colour does not form a feature.

To Mr. HAY belongs the merit of having been among the first to invite the attention of his countrymen to decoration as an art. He first reduced to rule and reason the paints and papers to be used in the various rooms of a

dwelling. The choice of colours was little more than a freak of fancy, until he shewed why one should be preferred to another. He says truly, that "in the decoration of our dwellings, in the colours of our dress, in the arrangement of our flower-gardens, and, indeed, in almost every case where colours are brought together in the ordinary requirements of life, fashion, more than scientific knowledge, seems, in a great degree, to regulate our proceedings. But the caprices of fashion are guided by no rules whatever, but are subjects upon which most nations and individuals differ widely, and there are no productions or customs to which these caprices have given rise, however extravagant or absurd, but what have had, and still have, their admirers, while they bear the gloss of novelty or stamp of fashion."

But however individuals may differ in their tastes, there are yet rules based upon natural laws which all will recognise, and which cannot be departed from without offence. But these differences are rather as to styles of decoration, just as individuals differ in their regards for different styles of music, and who, nevertheless, will recognise certain laws of harmony. So it is with the laws of colouring: "it does not matter under what circumstances a variety of colours are presented to the eye, if they be harmoniously arranged, the effect will be as agreeable to that organ as harmonious music is to the ear; but, if not so arranged, the effect on the eye must be unpleasant, and the more cultivated the mind of the individual, the more annoyance will such discordance occasion him."

Mr. HAY rapidly reviews the use of colour in decoration among the ancients. The Egyptians knew its value, and excelled in its combinations, as the remains of their art sufficiently prove. The Romans freely resorted to it, as is shewn in the relics of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In their dwelling-houses they employed lavishly the richest hues.

It appears that the decorators of those days used, upon all occasions, the most brilliant and intense colours, without either discord or crudity appearing in their works. But their science did not stop here, for, by a knowledge of the various styles of colouring, and of their proper adaptation, they employed great masses of deep colour, even black itself, on the walls of their rooms, especially such as were lighted from the top, or, rather, that were altogether uncovered; thus counteracting the brilliant and abundant light of the Italian sky.

The modern Italians preserve the reputation of their ancestors in this respect. Mr. SKENE thus describes the present condition of

DECORATIVE ART IN ITALY.

"In Italy, the study and acquirements of a house-painter are little inferior to what is requisite for the higher branches of the art; and, in fact, the practice of both is not unfrequently combined. They are more conversant with the science, as well as the practice of colouring, with the rules of harmony, and with the composition of ornamental painting in all its branches; so that their works might be transferred to canvas, and admired for their excellence. In fact, the great frescoes of the first masters, which have been the admiration of ages, were but part of the general embellishment of the churches and palaces of Italy. And the most celebrated names in the list of artists have left memorials of their fame in the humble decorations of the arabesque, in which all the exuberance and playfulness of fancy are displayed, as well as the most enchanting harmony of brilliant colours. It is in this essential point of harmony, that our practice is particularly defective; we rarely see, in the simple painting of our apartments, any combination of colours that is not in some part offensive against even the common rules of art, if there are any rules observed, save

those of mere caprice or chance—although there are certain combinations pointed out by the laws of optics, which can as little be made to harmonise as two discordant notes in music. The unpleasant effects arising from such erroneous mixtures and juxtapositions, we are often sufficiently aware of, without having the skill requisite to assign the reason, any more than the painter who chose them. This accounts for the prevalent use of neutral colours in our ornamental painting, which is less liable to offend by whatever bright colour it may be relieved, and likewise the safer and more agreeable combination of the different shades of the same indefinite colour. But no sooner do our painters attempt any combination of decided colours, than they fail. The ornamental painting in Italy is almost entirely in decided colours of the most brilliant hue, and yet always inexpressibly pleasing in the combinations, because the rules of harmony are known and attended to. Neither is this proficiency confined to the decoration of palaces, or the more elaborate and expensive works; we have seen in dwellings of a much humbler cast, and indeed in general practice, the most graceful designs of ornament, painted, not in the simple manner of Camaguey, but displaying every possible tint of bold and vivid colouring, and melting into each other with all the skill and harmony of a piece of brilliant music."

Compare this with the cold, cheerless, uncomfortable hues which, till very lately, made our own houses dismal. White, neutral, and pale tints alone met the eye, and this in a climate which peculiarly demands the aspect of warmth. The cause is supposed by Mr. HAY to be in our having lost the art of applying colours harmoniously. "Many," he says "attribute our apathy in regard to such colouring, to the uncongenial nature of the climate of this country. This cannot be, for in no country in the civilised world does nature exhibit, in the revolution of a year, such a splendid variety of colorific harmony—in which our snowy winter is but a pause."

This pause is first interrupted by the cool vernal melody of spring, gradually leading the eye to the full rich tones of luxuriant beauty exhibited in the foliage and flowers of summer, which again as gradually rise into the more vivid and powerful harmonies of autumnal colouring, succeeded, often suddenly, by the pause of winter. But how often, even in the depth of winter, when the colourless snow clothes the face of nature, do the most glorious harmonies of colour present themselves in the purple and gold of a winter sky. These picturesque effects have doubtless contributed largely to distinguish the British school of painting, as a school of colour. The picturesque beauty of nature's colouring, however, lies in the province of genius to imitate in works of high art; for the generality of mankind may admire it, but cannot deduce from it its first principles, in such an intelligible form as to found laws upon them to govern that species of colouring which belongs to the more humble arts, the improvement of which is the chief object of this treatise.

We are not, therefore, wanting in external advantages; we need only to cultivate the taste that has been of late awakened within us, and above all, not to fear the remarks of our friends and neighbours. Mr. HAY truly observes that—

"Happily, there has of late years been a great movement made, in this country, towards a better knowledge of colouring in the useful arts, and especially in the decoration of our dwelling-houses. But much remains to be done, for there has as yet been little more than mere agitation, and there appears a great timidity on the part of the public generally, in respect to departing from the quiet neutrality that has so long rendered our apartments insipid and comfortless to the eye, and adopting in its stead a more full-toned and rich style of colouring.

But as yet this improved taste has scarcely been diffused among the general public. It is seen in our public buildings, and in the mansions of the aristocracy; but it has yet to make its way into the dwellings of the middle classes and of the poor. Yet is it capable of being enjoyed by both, and it is within the reach of both. The desire only needs to be kindled; it may be easily and cheaply gratified.

May THE CRITIC be the means of stimulating this taste and aiding its progress; and to that end we invite the co-operation of all who feel an interest in the subject of Decorative Art, whether as artists or as amateurs. Its columns will be open to them for the diffusion of their opinions and the publication of their experiences.

Mr. HAY commences his treatise with an exposition of the laws of harmony in colour, into which, however, we cannot venture to follow him, for to present an intelligible abstract of his theory would occupy more of our space than we could devote even to so interesting a topic as this. We can only introduce to our readers the author's ingenious application of his theory to practice, and extract some of the very valuable suggestions with which the volume abounds. In doing this, we shall pass slowly through that portion of the work; and, as books on the subject of Decorative Art are extremely rare, we shall make no apology for returning, probably more than once, to this one.

He opens his section on the application of the Laws of Harmonious Colouring, previously developed, with a statement of the principle that should guide the house-painter.

THE FIRST RULE OF COLOURING.

The house-painter should start with the principle so apparent in the colouring of nature, to which reference has just been made, namely, that bright and intense colours should be used with a sparing hand, especially in situations where they receive a direct light; and that such colours should only be employed to heighten the general effect, and to add splendour to rich and full-toned arrangements by their sparkling qualities. The manufacturer has a greater latitude, for his productions may, in most cases, be neutralised by what accompanies them in more general arrangement. In the finest specimens of Persian and Turkish carpets, the deep tones of indigo and brown predominate, while the bright hues and tints only appear to detail and heighten the effect of the pattern.

And the colour should be adapted to the sentiment of the place in which it is employed. Every apartment in a dwelling-house has its distinct uses, and with them its hues should assort. The house-painter has to study

Not only the style of architecture, the situation, whether in town or country, but the very rays by which each apartment is lighted, whether they proceed directly from the sun, or are merely reflected from the northern sky; he must confine himself to neither a vivid, sombre, warm, nor cold style of colouring; all must be equally at his command, and in all, the same strict attention to harmony must be observed. The house-painter has often another very serious difficulty to encounter. A variety of highly and variously-coloured furniture is shewn him, to which the colouring of the different parts of a room must be suited; it is here that his powers of balancing, harmonising, and uniting, are called forth; it is this which obliges him, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says of the artist, ever to hold a balance in his hand, by which he must decide the value of different qualities, that, when some fault must be committed, he may choose the least.

The artist in a picture can throw in his shades where he pleases, so as to improve the

general harmony. Not so the house-decorator:—

As the colours of the house-painter and manufacturer are all liable to be placed in full light, they must be toned in themselves, to prevent that unnatural crudeness so annoying to the eye. How, then, can we account for the continued prevalence of those gaudy paper-hangings which impinge the most powerful rays in all their vigour, or those carpets where the preponderance of bright yellow and red attracts the eye, and injures the effect of every thing which is placed upon them? And if, according to the rules which regulate the higher branches of the art, simplicity of arrangement prevents confusion, where a variety of colours are introduced, the colours, on the generality of such articles, are most erroneously arranged. These errors must proceed from a general negligence of the rules of harmony. I do not mean by this that bright and vivid colours are always offensive. I have already said that they add richness and grandeur, when used in their proper places, and in proper quantities; but they should by no means cover the floor or walls of an apartment, unless under very peculiar circumstances.

Mr. HAY suggests the reason for these faults, especially that great one of having some bright and intense colour either upon the walls or floors:—

This great error often arises from the difficulty of choosing a paper-hanging or carpet, and our liability to be bewildered amongst the multitude of patterns which are produced, the most attractive of which, on a small scale, are often, from this very circumstance, the more objectionable in regard to their forming a large mass in an apartment; particularly as the artists who design them seem to be regulated by no fixed principles, but from their repeated deviations from the established rules of harmony, appear to give themselves up to the vague pursuit of novelty alone.

But there is an opposite fault to be avoided, namely,

Monotony, or a total want of variety; for some are so afraid of committing errors in point of harmony, that neutral tints only are introduced, and sometimes one tint of this kind alone prevails. Variety is a quality found to exist in the most trifling as well as in the grandest combinations of nature's colouring; and it is, as already observed, in uniting and making an arrangement of various colours harmonious and agreeable to the eye, that the skill of the house-painter and manufacturer chiefly consists. It is this which produces what is termed repose in a picture, a quality equally desirable in the colouring of an apartment.

A writer in the *Athenæum*, some time since, made the following truthful observations, which Mr. HAY has quoted, upon

THE MORAL USES OF DECORATIVE ART.

"For our part, we are disposed to believe harmonious colouring, consistently employed in the decoration of all buildings—inhabited buildings especially, where we spend a great part of our lives—not to be either slight or unimportant in its influence on the moral tone of the inhabitants. As we may read to some extent the character of individuals in their dress, so we believe we might do so in the character of their dwellings. Hence, a very dull-minded, tasteless people we may be pronounced to have been during the eighteenth century. A room of bright and cheerful appearance surely tends to dispel gloomy and melancholy associations, whilst a dark and dismal cell provokes them. Glitter and tawdriness disturb thoughtfulness, whilst quietude in colouring tends to suggest it. 'Experience,' says Goethe, 'teaches us that particular colours excite particular states of feeling.' It is related of a witty Frenchman, 'Il prétendait que son ton de conversation avec Madame étoit changé depuis qu'elle avoit changé en cramoisi le meuble de son cabinet, qui étoit bleu.'

"The great majority of domestic apartments at the present time, even in houses of the first class, have scarcely any marked feature of decoration about them which indicates taste or knowledge. They present a monotonous sameness and deficiency of any principles of taste—the varieties of character which occur, from time to time, being regulated only by the caprices of fashion. Sometimes every room you enter is of one colour. In one of the most splendid of modern houses in the metropolis—we mean in Sutherland House—we have been especially struck with the monotony of white and profuse gilding, in the forms of the Louis Quinze period. Sometimes the rage is for warm shades of colouring, at others for cold, though the preponderating taste seems to take refuge in dull, characterless, neutral colouring. 'People of refinement' (to quote Goethe again) 'have a disinclination to colours. This may be owing partly to weakness of sight, partly to the uncertainty of taste, which readily takes refuge in absolute negation.' During one season, salmon-colour, as it is called, reigns supreme; then sage-colour succeeds salmon; drab follows sage or slate; and then all varieties of crimson put out the drabs. Each is employed in its turn, without the slightest reference to any of the questions which should determine its appropriateness or otherwise. It is the same with ornamental patterns. One year you find every drawing-room papered with patterns of flowers, another year scrolls will be all the rage. One year small patterns are correct—in the following, large only can be tolerated; and whilst each fashion reigned, each was exclusively used. Crimson walls in south aspects, leaden-coloured ones in north aspects. Small patterns applied to rooms large and small, and large patterns to rooms small and large. A like absence of any recognised principle is seen in the carpets and hangings. When crimson walls were oftenest seen, then was the call for drab and light-coloured carpets. More by luck than any thing else, it is now the fashion to have the carpets darker in colour than the walls. We may often enter a room which, preserving something of each shifting fashion of the few past years, exhibits a violation of every principle of harmonious decoration. Walls of a hot and positive colour in a room with a southern aspect—blue ceilings fuller of colour than the drab carpets, with curtains and hangings of scarlet—and perchance a huge sofa covered with black horse-hair. Not a single thing appropriate or consistent, but the whole a medley of unsuitableness."

Here we must pause; but we shall return to the volume.

The Tradesman's Book of Ornamental Designs. Part X.

THIS part completes a work which will give an impulse to decorative art throughout the country. It contains designs for a damask table-cover, for paper-hangings, for lace-patterns, and for a perforated Egyptian rail. The verbal descriptions also are very minute and clear.

The Decorator's Assistant. Part XII.

FOR the first time we have been made aware of the existence of this periodical, weekly devoted to a subject which THE CRITIC has made, and hopes still more to make, a prominent one in its pages. It abounds in matter interesting and instructive to all whose calling or taste leads them to the subject of Decorative Art. Thus the part before us contains, with many excellent illustrative woodcuts, a Glossary of Technical Terms used in Architectural and Interior Decoration—The Proceedings of the Decorative Art Society—Designs for Decorations of all Kinds—Lectures at the Royal Academy—Manufacturing Processes—Recent Inventions—Articles on the Manufacture of Gas; on Architectural Mouldings; on the Metallisation of Plaster Casts; on the Theory of Painting; Biographies of Artists; on Paper Hangings, and such like. It deserves the support of all who patronise and desire the progress of Decorative Art.

ART.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

A SECOND visit to this gallery, the best adapted in its form, the most capacious and the most comfortable, of the exhibition rooms of London, confirms our first impressions that its claims must rest entirely upon its landscapes; and in this department of art the society worthily maintains its national title, for it is in landscape that the British school surpasses all others. In all beside, it is equalled, if not surpassed, by the artists of some other country. In that it stands unrivalled and alone, and therefore we are pleased to find a gallery almost wholly devoted to landscape, or at least in which landscape eclipses the rest, alike in number, in excellence, and in variety of style and manner. But we must resume our survey.

We come now to the South-East Room, and the first that attracts attention here is No. 221, *The Study*, by C. BAXTER, painted with care and delicacy. And next to it

No. 222. *A Scene on the Coast of Galway*. It is from the bold brush of ANTHONY, and exhibits his wonted fearlessness in the employment of colour, laid on, or rather dabbed on, with a rudeness which offends many, but which, viewed at a proper distance, is wonderfully effective. The atmosphere thick with storm, throwing its shade over the darkly green grass and marine plants, and the light that struggles through the clouds here and there, glancing and sparkling upon the waste of waters that just feel the coming of the wind that precedes the tempest, commingle to form a picture of first-rate excellence, and which the lover of art would covet to have in his dining-room, where his eye might dwell upon it at leisure day after day,—for a good picture is a companion.

No. 241. WOOLMER'S *Evening in the Alps* has the fault of all his works—it is too indefinite. We have seen the Alps in all weathers, but we never saw such an effect as the artist has here given.

PYNE'S *Saints' Day at Venice* (No. 245) is a TURNER improved. This very subject we have seen, or rather we have been told by the catalogue that we ought to see, upon the walls of the Academy more than once. But here it is, as TURNER intended it to be, executed by PYNE, and the very transcript of an Italian sky and a Venetian atmosphere on a summer day.

No. 252 is one of the few works of merit which is not landscape. It is from the easel of W. GILL, the best painter of domestic life the Society can boast. It is called *Playing at Forfeits*. The party is cleverly grouped, but we must remind the artist that there is a want of originality in this, that every figure is a copy from some other picture—all are familiar to us: Mr. GILL should rely upon his own genius, and compose his own picture in every part. Thus only can he hope for permanent fame.

No. 264. *Winter*, by E. HASSELL, is a production of uncommon merit. He has succeeded in embodying the fine description of THOMPSON, which he has cited in the catalogue.

A River Scene, by LANCASTER (No. 269), in the same room, is another landscape before which the visitor should pause, that he may enjoy the nature apparent in every part of it.

No. 276. *Un Pescatore*, a sketch by HURLSTONE from the streets of Naples, is full of character, and a work of very high pretensions. The boy's face is charming,—full of life and expression. ALLEN'S *Hevelin* (No. 288) is another of this great landscape-painter's fine views.

No. 299. *Raisins, &c.* by E. S. REYNOLDS, is remarkable for the wonderful reality of the fruit. It is a miracle of the art of exact copying: the Dutch school can shew nothing better.

H. DESVIGNES'S *Watering-Place* (No. 321) has a good deal of the spirit of CUYP in it. He has caught CUYP'S atmosphere, but the cattle are not in his favourite attitudes. It is a very meritorious work.

Quitting this for the South-West Room, we note a *Sketch by a Lady* (No. 335)—the full-length figure of an Italian boy, singularly life-like, and of

sufficient merit to have justified the addition of the artist's name. But the hand that could produce such a picture as this cannot long remain unknown to fame.

We know not what to say of HAWKINS'S *Portrait of T. Edwards, Esq.* (No. 338). It is very bad—very like a sign-board. The artist can do better than this,—why, then, thus parade a failure?

A delicious landscape is BODDINGTON'S *Stoke Poges—the Scene of Gray's Elegy* (No. 348.) The hues of sunset and the shades of evening are very cleverly mingled by the hand of a master.

No. 353. *Watching the Bird*, is a faithful portrait of an intelligent cat by TIFFIN.

The visitor will pause before No. 359, *Shore at Little Hampton, Sussex*, another of PYNE'S exquisite glimpses of nature as she is, and with a little less of blue than he usually throws into his pictures.

We are not fond of still-life, but we cannot omit to note as a work of uncommon merit in this class of art, No. 379, the *Poulterer's Daughter*, by T. J. BARKER. The drooping wings of the dead birds are microscopically true.

Near it is another of CLINT'S vast ranges of prospect, *Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire*. (No. 381.)

The visitor should next rest for a moment on HASSELL'S view of *Cesar's Camp on Brickbury Hill, Twilght*. (No. 408.) The sombre hue of twilight has been faithfully caught; and MONTAGUE'S *Rotterdam* (No. 419) will reward an examination: it is, perhaps, a little too cold in tone, but the drawing is excellent.

Perhaps among the productions of the highest class in the gallery may be named *The Hungarian Tinker's Wedding*, by ZEITLER. (No. 439.) It is full of character. Every personage assists in telling the story; there is no stiffness or attitudinising, but the artist has drawn them as he saw them, correct in posture and in costume. The bride and bridegroom are admirably wild in their attire,—rude, ragged, and dirty, but happy as tinkers and gipsies can be.

HURLSTONE'S *Meat and Drink in Italy* (No. 455) is one of his best works, and a veritable importation from the land of the sweet south. DINGLE'S *View near Faersham* (No. 459) also deserves commendation, as does LANCASTER'S scene *On the French Coast*.

In the North-East Room W. DUFFIELD has a very clever *Fruit Piece* (No. 476), and CLINT a fine view of a *Hazy Morning in Robinhood's Bay*. (No. 492.)

We were also greatly pleased with ANTHONY'S *Gipsy Camp*. (No. 514.) It is more subdued in tone than some of his other ambitious attempts, and therefore will better please those who value genius according to success rather than according to its aims.

No. 515. *A Nymph*, by BAXTER, is a delicious girl, exquisitely painted.

BODDINGTON'S *Ferry on the Thames* (No. 556), BRANWHITE'S *Clifton* (No. 563), TENNANT'S *Ferry Boat* (No. 578), SHAYER'S *Beach Scene, Isle of Wight* (No. 589), and NOBLE'S *Old House at Sydenham* (No. 612), are all specimens of the mastery of landscape to which the English school has attained; and should be dwelt upon by the lover of art.

HURLSTONE'S *La Faldetta* (No. 598), is another of his importations from Italy. It is a beautiful head—such as one might wish in vain to see in life. It is rather a poet's dream than an artist's copy.

Mrs. PHILLIPS'S *Sportsman's Present* (No. 624), is a game-piece of uncommon merit for the minute perfection of the painting.

There is much sentiment in a picture in two compartments, by Miss C. SMITH (No. 627). In one it represents a young mother bending with a mother's pride and joy over her infant slumbering in rosy health. In the other, the same child is lying dead with flowers upon its breast, the same mother stretched in anguish by its side, but with her hand upon her open Bible, shewing that there she had sought and found consolation in her extreme misery. JOHN MARTIN has contributed a beautiful water-

colour *View at Ilfracombe*. (No. 635.) As usual, he has given an area of vast distance in a small space. His sea is really a sea, and not merely a troubled lake. It is a very fine composition, and admirably coloured.

Mr. REEVE'S *Prize Picotees* (No. 721) is one of the best flower-groups we ever remember to have seen.

Warwick Castle (No. 739), by C. PEARSON, and the *Moated Grange*, by S. READ (No. 764), both in the water-colour room deserve notice as works of a class considerably above the average. But our space rather than subjects are exhausted, and we must quit this gallery, congratulating the exhibitors on the marked progress they have made since last we had the pleasure of reviewing their productions.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The anniversary of this excellent charity was celebrated on Saturday by a dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern. The chair was taken by Henry T. Hope, esq. M.P. who, in proposing the health of the Queen, announced, amidst loud cheers, the annual royal donation of 100 guineas. The toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Artists' Benevolent Fund," was prefaced by the chairman in a speech in which he urged the claims of the institution to the sympathies and support of the community at large. It was but an act of justice to those men who had devoted their talents and their time to pursuits which tended to enrich their country, and who produced works which afforded pleasure and gratification to others, that the wealthier portion of the public should come forward and relieve them from the cares and necessities to which the failure of health or the other accidents of life exposed them. The toast was responded to by Mr. Solly. Mr. Cabell, M.P. proposed the health of the chairman, whom he eulogised as a member of a family that ought to be dear to British artists, for devoting a considerable portion of that wealth which they acquired in the honourable pursuit of commerce to the patronage and encouragement of British art. The subscriptions and donations amounted to 308*l*.

The Art Union for April.—This periodical would be worth far more than the price, if only to take out the engravings for a frame or a portfolio. Of these there are no less than three of first-rate merit. The first is CALCOTT'S *Pool of the Thames*, in the collection of the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, admirably engraved by MILLER. The second is, the *Prince of Wales*, from the statue of MARY THORNTON-CROFT, so much a favourite with her Majesty. The third is ETTY'S *Coral Fishers*, engraved by WASS, with astonishing spirit and effect; it is, indeed, a very master-piece of the engraver's art. Never before did we see the wonderful flesh of the painter so preserved by the engraver. But besides these three large engravings, there are numerous woodcuts of first-rate excellence scattered among the text, illustrating papers of great literary and artistic ability on subjects of general interest, such as the applications of science to the fine arts, describing the process of electrotyping; a critical paper on the frescoes in the new Houses of Parliament; original designs for manufactures; the illuminated books of the middle ages; original designs for cottages; "Pilgrimages to the English Shrines," &c. besides the most ample intelligence relating to the state and progress of art both abroad and at home.

Atlas to Alison's History of Europe.

Part XII.

THIS valuable contribution to the study of modern European history contains no less than five maps of countries and battles. There are plans of the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, of the battle of Trafalgar, of the battle of Aspern, and a map of Russia and Poland.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE Operas are now possessed of their full companies. At her Majesty's Mademoiselle Lind is

again the "bright particular star." Her departure from Stockholm, the newspapers state, "was attended by the most extraordinary demonstration. It was on the 13th inst.: the weather was beautiful. From 15,000 to 20,000 people lined the quays, military bands were placed at intervals, and she embarked amidst cheers and music. The riggings of the vessels in the harbour were manned. The hurrahs and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs continued as long as the vessel which bore Jenny Lind remained in sight. Her last performance in Stockholm was for the benefit of a charitable institution she has founded. The tickets of admission on this occasion were put up to auction, and fetched immense prices.—Donizetti died at Bergamo on the 8th inst. after six days of great suffering. For a long time previous Donizetti laboured under a complete prostration of intellect, and was unable to recognise his nearest friends and relatives. At Bergamo, his native town, his health had somewhat improved, but about a month since an unfavourable change took place, and he gradually sank under the malady. Donizetti was the composer of no less than 66 operas, some of which have obtained almost unprecedented popularity.—M. Julien has become a bankrupt. His debts are said to be between 9,000*l*. and 10,000*l*. and his assets nil. His difficulties are attributed to his bringing out the opera at Drury-lane Theatre. M. Julien, before making himself a bankrupt, offered his creditors 1,500*l*. per annum out of his future professional earnings, which the general body would have accepted, but as a few individuals pertinaciously pressed their demands against him, and refused his offer, he was driven into the Bankruptcy Court for protection.—Mr. Macready is to perform one night during the coming month in aid of the fund for erecting a statue to Mrs. Siddons.

Norah Mavourneen. Irish Ballad. Poetry by JOSEPH OLIVER, Esq. Music by GEORGE J. O. ALLMANN. London: Lewis and Johnson.

THERE will not be two opinions as to this being the best composition of Mr. ALLMANN, and the best evidence that he possesses true genius, because it indicates continued and rapid progress. There is a distinct air, perfectly original, which takes the ear at first, and pleases more and more upon repetition. It is a song which should be added to every portfolio as being peculiarly calculated to attract an audience, and to display the singer to advantage. Where it is once heard, it is sure to be in frequent request.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

EASTER has introduced the usual novelties at all the theatres, for the allurement of the holiday folk.

THE HAYMARKET has produced the famous tale of the *Castle of Otranto*, put into the form of an extravaganza by Mr. GILBERT A'BECKETT. The story is closely adhered to, and there are the materials that holiday folk most do love in the way of scenery and surprises. But there are also better things, in the shape of sharp bits at current follies, clever puns, ingenious equivocations, some delicious songs, by Miss P. HORTON, and some glorious mock-heroics, by Mr. J. BLAND. It will be enough to say that the part of *Manfred* is personified by KEELEY! to indicate the sort of uproarious mirth which the visitor will enjoy.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—A billful of novelties has drawn crowds to this theatre throughout the week. Madame THILLON has appeared in a comic opera, by LE BRUN, called *The Nightingale*, which has some pretty sparkling music, light and elegant, just adapted for holiday folk, who detest anything "slow." The plot is thus described by one of the daily papers:—"The story, which is sufficiently slender to venture a libretto upon, turns upon the peculiar excellence of a shepherd's performance upon the piccolo, with which he imitates the singing of a (theatrical) nightingale so admirably as to captivate a shepherdess, who falls at first in love with the music, and at last with the musician. To mar the course of true love, however, the maiden's papa promises her hand to the *Bailie*, who is a great man in a small village; and a comical duet, in which the great solemn ass catechises the fair object of his

choice as to the freedom or pre-disposition of her affections, and receives the usual artfully-simple, puzzling answers, at first exciting his jealousy and anger, and then allaying both by absurd explanations, drew a good deal of hearty laughter, and narrowly escaped being twice encoined. Satisfied at length of the purity of her artless mind, and to make amends for having frightened away her nightingale, by attempting to gain a sight of him in his bower of roses, the *Bailie* presents *Phyllis* with a talking parrot, which he has taught to say, 'I love thee;' and, to convey his love-gift delicately, he hangs the parrot in the Bulbul's bower, whence he has the gratification of hearing him, or rather the returned *Lubin*, sing a duet with *Phyllis*, and tell her, in a variety of sweetly modulated strains—very unlike those of ordinary parrots—that he loves her very much indeed, and shall continue to do so whilst a feather of his plumage remains. A discovery ensues, in consequence of the singing parrot being caught kissing the lady's hand; and after a little scolding, which the gentle shepherd and shepherdess take as a matter of course, every thing is satisfactorily adjusted, and all goes sweetly as a marriage bell."

MADAME THILLON was charming as ever, The Easter piece is a new grand ballet, called *La Esmeralda*, and introduced Mlle. AUBRIOL, from the Grand Opera at Paris. She is a well-made, clean-limbed, handsome girl, dancing with spirit, shewing great power and command of muscle, and a mastery of her art. Some of her *pas* were new and graceful. Her activity is astonishing. She is an acquisition to our stage, and so the audience seemed to think, for they welcomed her vociferously.

THE ADELPHI has gone to the Archipelago for its Easter-piece. It is a sentimental romance, called *The Fountain of Zea, or the Child of the Air*. Terra-gon (a gnome king, Mr. O. SMITH) loves *Aglea* (Mad. CELESTE), the child of air, who, however, with a perversity common to spirits as well as women, has fixed her affections upon a young painter, *Attarno*. A strife of plots ensues, and the gnome king avails himself of the Fountain of Zea, to which *Aglea* is tempted, and there is borne to the abode of the demon. She resists his proffers, is put into a box, is drawn up in a net by a comic fisherman (WRIGHT), is taken to the painter's room, where the box is seized by the Pacha, who supposed that it contained treasures, but, in a rage at his disappointment, commands both *Aglea* and the painter to be imprisoned. They escape, fall into the power of the gnome king, and are rescued by *Mota*, and all ends happily. The scenery is very beautiful, the piece is uncommonly well acted, and it was warmly greeted, as it deserved to be.

DRURY-LANE.—FRANCONI has introduced some special entertainments for Easter. The three clowns put forth all their comic powers with complete success, and the feats of the juggler, who balances and tosses balls as easily standing on a bottle as others on the earth, are a perfect marvel. We observe that this entertainment will shortly close, therefore all who have not yet visited it should do so at once. They would greatly regret, were it to depart unseen by them. It is a most agreeable evening's amusement.

THE OLYMPIC.—Tragedy reigns at this theatre, under the auspices of Mr. BROOKE, who has appeared in the character of *Brutus*, in Mr. HOWARD PAYNE'S drama of that name, with immense success. The play in itself is heavy, but it was relieved by the spirit and power of the tragedian, who is extending his reputation by every successive character he undertakes. His excellence lies rather in passionate bursts than in the more quiet scenes, where the softer touches of humanity are required. The Easter piece is a naval and military ballet burlesque, entitled *A Mission to Borneo; or, the Second Voyage of Sinbad the Sailor*. It abounds in quips and cranks and wanton wiles; some good rhymes, some clever hits, some capital dancing, and seemed to give great satisfaction to the audience.

SADLER'S WELLS has chosen an uncommon Easter entertainment. Instead of a brilliant spectacle or laughter-moving travesty, it has relied upon the abilities of Mr. LOVE, the Polyphonist, who, to do him justice, has not been wanting in successful endeavour to keep a crowded audience amused by the versatility of his powers of personification and ventriloquism. He is certainly the best successor to the inimitable MATHEWS we have seen, and indeed to those who do not remember the great mimic of the last generation Mr. LOVE must give unqualified satisfaction. His *Lucubrations*, introducing portraits of Mr. *Sombre Dismal* and Miss *Lexicon*, were especially amusing.

THE COLOSSEUM.—Notwithstanding that the wondrous picture of London is closed for the purpose

of erecting another equally wondrous view of Paris, this magnificent exhibition was crowded, the Easter folk being lost in admiration of the noble sculpture gallery—the stalactite cavern, the Swiss cottages, and the other wonders of art with which the Colosseum abounds, and which should attract to it the earliest steps of every visitor to the metropolis.

The DIORAMA has introduced a new picture—a view of Mount Etna, seen under three aspects, changing from one to another by the imperceptible shades which is the peculiarity of this exhibition. We were obliged to take a very hasty glance of it, among the other sights claiming notice, but it struck us as extremely effective. We shall pay it another visit, and then give a more formal notice of it, for we look upon the Diorama as a work of high art, and to be criticised as such. It will bear frequent inspection.

THE PANORAMA, LEICESTER-SQUARE.—One of the greatest of the attractions of the metropolis at this time is the Panorama of Vienna, lately opened to exhibition in Leicester-square. It is one of Mr. BURFORD's most successful performances, the magnificent city being represented from the pleasing point of view, so as to convey a precise idea of its position as well as of its aspect. The view extends from the Styrian Alps on the north to the Hungarian Alps on the south, and includes the course of the Danube, the neighbouring range of hill, and the entire sweep of the suburbs—while the Cathedral, with its spire, forms the prominent object, rising out of the mass of building that forms the city within the walls. It is, for all purposes, as if the place itself had been seen; in the memory a view of the very city would not be brighter than this representation of it. The other panoramas are, the Himalaya Mountains, with the vast plains of Hindostan stretching away from their feet, and Athens, which we have before noticed. The visitor to this exhibition reaps not merely pleasure but profit from it. He has the advantages of the traveller without the cost and toil.

THE COSMORAMA.—We visited this exhibition on Tuesday, and were much pleased with the new pictures, especially that of the Interior of St. Peter's at Rome. This is really a wonderful work of art. Every bit of sculpture stands out with the prominence of veritable stone. After gazing for a few minutes it is difficult not to believe that it is the sacred edifice itself, and not mere canvas, into which we are peeping. The other views,—of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, of Versailles, of Scandinavia and its burning mountains, of Chamouny and Mont Blanc—are equally transcripts of Nature; and having seen some of the spots here depicted, we can assert that, if taken to a window and told to look out upon them, a more distinct and perfect remembrance of them would not be carried away than from this truthful representation of them in the Cosmorama, which we therefore recommend all our readers to visit without fail.

THE WALHALLA.—Madame WARTON has not been backward in offering novelty for the attraction of holiday sight-seers. She has introduced some groups from revolutionary Paris, which are extremely effective, and were warmly applauded by the spectators. But she continues to be the principal attraction as Venus and the Lady Godiva, in which she is certainly superb.

The POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION has re-opened, with the additional attraction of a new lecture-room, to be devoted wholly to optical subjects. It is a very magnificent building, with seats for 1,500 persons, and an area that permits of the full display of the powers of the oxyhydrogen microscope.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SHADOWS.

BY MRS. LORAINÉ.

I do not wish to live, she said, I would rather pass away,
When flowers fall drooping from their stalks, while mists come cold and grey.
When cold mists come the smitten flowers will pass—why should not I?

I do not wish to live, she said, from my soul I long to die.

The cold mists are upon my heart of weariness and pain,
And dark the earthly shadows fall,—I long for light again;
I may not breathe a purer air, nor my spirit see the sun,
Till the death of life is over, and the life of death begun.

Each human throb of hope and fear by turns my heart has told,
Each human throb within my heart is silent now and cold;
My idols all are fallen, for they were of mortal birth,—
Love, Friendship, Genius—lofty Gods! but only Gods of earth.

My idols all are fallen now, and one I raised so high,
My soul to reach it mounted to the regions of the sky,—

It has fallen far beneath me, as I lifted it above,—
This is Friendship's broken idol—Death shivered that of Love.

And Genius, mingled ecstasy of rapture and of pain,
That lifts the spirit from the earth to cast it down again,

You are not worth your price, for hours more calm who would not give
The restless nights, and lonely days, and dreamy joys you live?

Across your brightness spread the clouds of passion and of grief,

And if you win the wreath of fame, tears are on every leaf;

Do you call yourself immortal, vain shadow, when a day

May sweep your shrines—the world itself—like a lamp-singed moth away.

Oh, there is nothing lasting but the things which are not seen,
The rest are shadows passing fast, or shadows that have been;

Truth's lofty stature on the earth is but the vague ideal,—

The fading type, the dying form, the mortal is the real.

They are but like the gleams that flit across the winter snows;

I long to rest my head, she said, on some divine repose.

To pass to things eternal,—from the shadow to the sun,

When the death of life is over, and the life of death is won.

NECROLOGY.

PATRICK MURPHY, ESQ.

This gentleman's name filled the mouths of the whole English population ten years ago as the author of "*A Weather Almanac on Scientific Principles, Showing the State of the Weather for every day of the year 1838*." By P. Murphy, esq. M.N.S. &c. [which initials, on inquiry, he acknowledged to imply "Member of no Society!"] author of the *New Theory of Meteorology and Physics on the Principle of Solar and Planetary Reflection*, and of different works on these subjects.

His lucky predictions in this publication, in respect to one or two remarkable changes of weather, raised his celebrity to a great height as a Weather Prophet, and the shop of his publisher, Mr. Whittaker, suffered a siege which almost ended in its destruction. The Almanac has been since occasionally published, but its sale very much fell off after the "nine days' wonder" was passed, and latterly it had been very limited. Mr. Murphy, however, persevered in his pursuits, and he had just completed arrangements for the issue of an edition of his Almanac for 1848, and was with his publisher, Mr. Effingham Wilson, in perfect health, only a few hours prior to his death.

We believe Mr. Murphy's first work was, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of Miasmata*, more particularly illustrated in the former and present state of the Campagna di Roma, a volume of 150 pages, published in 1825.

He was also the author of—

"*Rudiments of the Primary Forces of Gravity, Magnetism, and Electricity, in their Agency on the Heavenly Bodies*. 1830." 8vo.

"*The Anatomy of the Seasons, and Weather Guide-Book*. 1834." 8vo.

"*Meteorology Considered in its Connection with Astronomy, Climate, and the Geographical Distribution of Animals and Plants, equally as with the Seasons and Changes of the Weather*. 1836." 8vo.

"*Observations on the Laws and Cosmical Dispositions of Nature in the Solar System. With Two Papers on Meteorology and Climate*. 1843." 12mo. The "Two Papers" were written for the Society of Scienziati Italiani meeting at Padua, of which Mr. Murphy was elected a member.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THOMAS BARKER, ESQ.

Dec. 11. At Bath, in his 79th year, Thomas Barker, esq. painter.

Mr. Barker was born in 1769, at a village near Pontypool, in Monmouthshire. His father (the son of a barrister) having run through considerable property, commenced artist, but never, we believe, attempted more than the portraits of horses, &c. especially those of his own stud. Young Barker shewed an early genius for drawing figures and designing landscapes: and on the removal of his family to Bath, an opportunity was presented for calling his talents into action. Mr. Spackman, an opulent coach-builder of that city, perceiving in the lad undoubted evidence of great ability, took him under his protection, liberally provided for him, and gave him every means to follow up the bent of his inclination. During the first four years of Mr. Barker's residence with his patron, he employed himself in copying the works of the old Dutch and Flemish masters, Vandermeer, Rembrandt, Ruysdael, &c. which he imitated so closely that his copies could only be distinguished from the originals by the best judges. At the age of twenty-one he was sent to Rome by Mr. Spackman, who allowed the young artist a carriage, and ample funds to maintain his position there as a gentleman. While in the Imperial City he painted but little, contenting himself with storing his mind with such knowledge as might be applied usefully hereafter, and becoming the intimate associate of all the eminent artists and *litterati* at that time in Rome. It may be here mentioned that Mr. Barker never took a lesson in drawing or painting, his own genius and the examples furnished him by Mr. Spackman being his only instructors. While Mr. Barker's talents were in full vigour, no artist of his time had a greater hold on popular favour; his pictures of "The Woodman," "Old Tom" (painted before he was seventeen years of age), his "Gipsy" groups and rustic figures, have been copied upon almost every available material which would admit of decoration—Staffordshire pottery, Worcester china, Manchester cottons, and Glasgow linens; the manufactures of Birmingham and Pontypool, of Sheffield, York, Wolverhampton, and Clerkenwell, were deeply indebted to his pencil for the ornamental designs on their respective manufactures. Yet for this service rendered by the artist to the artisan he never claimed a fraction for copyright, but rejoiced in the reflection that his labours and his talent afforded profitable employment to others, and were the means of enriching more than himself.

Mr. Barker was an occasional exhibitor at the British Institution for nearly half a century, during which period he sent nearly one hundred pictures; even so late as last year, and when he had far exceeded his "threescore years and ten," he exhibited two pictures which bore good evidence his mind was yet green and vigorous, and his hand had not "lost its cunning." During the extended period of his artistic career, his numerous productions embraced almost the entire range of pictorial subjects; they have the marks of true genius stamped upon them; deep study, original thought, much practical knowledge, and free execution. No picture of the English school is more universally known and appreciated than "The Woodman," of which it appears two were painted, both of them from nature, and of life-size: the first was sold to Mr. Macklin for 500 guineas; the second, which realised the same sum, is now the property of Lord W. Powlett. But perhaps the noblest effort of Mr. Barker's pencil is the magnificent fresco, thirty feet in length and twelve in height, painted on the wall of his residence, Sion Hill, Bath; the subject of which is, "The Inroad of the Turks upon Scio, in April 1822."

The sketches of Mr. Barker afford a better insight into his knowledge of art than even his paintings; they have been described by a competent judge as "bringing to mind the very best and most highly-valued treasures of the old Italian masters;" truthful in conception, bold and firm in outline, and correct in drawing.

In forming an estimate of Mr. Barker's works, we must bear in mind that he was ambitious to realise only his own conceptions, without any attempt to follow the style of any master or artist, ancient or modern. This abstinence from competition has been both beneficial and injurious to him, for, while it has stamped his works with the characteristic originality of his own mind, it has tended to make them and their author less known than they otherwise would undoubtedly have been. His pictures always tell their own tale; simply, yet distinctively; they make their own impressions, not perhaps when first looked upon, but by being closely investigated, and tried by a knowledge of the true principles of art; and these impressions are ever favourable and enduring.

Mr. Barker amassed, at one time, considerable property by the sale of his productions; one gentleman alone having paid him at different times as much as 7,000*l.* He expended a large sum in erecting a mansion for his residence, enriching it with costly ornaments, and filling it with sculptures and other choice productions of art; but his own personal wants were most moderate, and his liberality to the indigent was great. Amiable in all the relations of life, possessing a mind stored with varied and extensive information, his company was eagerly sought for and his friendship highly appreciated in the best society.

The largest collection of Mr. Barker's works is in the possession of J. H. S. Piggott, esq. of Brockley Hall, near Bath, the gentleman referred to above; Sir W. R. S. Cockburn has also many of his pictures, and various other mansions in the neighbourhood of his residence are adorned with specimens of his pencil.—*Art-Union.*

DEATH OF A LANCASHIRE HISTORIAN.—We deeply regret having this week to record the decease of Mr. Edwin Butterworth, whose name will probably be familiar to many of our readers as that of the author of various local histories having reference to this part of the country. The disorder which terminated his useful existence was typhus fever; he expired on the morning of Wednesday last, aged thirty-six years. We understand that he expressed a wish that his literary property, of which there is a very bulky collection, consisting of manuscripts and scarce articles, should be placed at the disposal of the fiefices of the Cheetham Library in this city.—*Manchester Examiner.*

DONIZETTI.—This popular composer died at Bergamo on the 8th ult. after six days of great suffering. It is well known that for a long time previous Donizetti laboured under a complete prostration of intellect, and was unable to recognise his nearest friends and relatives. At Bergamo, his native town, his health had somewhat improved, but about a month since an unfavourable change took place, and he gradually sank under the malady.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

BURGESS.—On the 23rd ult. at Hoxton, Middlesex, the wife of Mr. Samuel Walter Burgess, librarian, of a daughter.

NORREY.—On the 23rd ult. the Lady Norreys, of a daughter.

ROBBINS.—On the 23rd ult. the wife of the Rev. Henry Robbins, M.A. Head-Master, Stepney Grammar-School, of a son.

ROBERTSON.—On the 16th ult. at Lee, near Blackheath, the wife of Dr. Robertson, D.C.L. of a son.

STRUTT.—On the 21st ult. in South-street, the lady of the Right Hon. Edward Strutt, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

LAUMANN. Henry, esq. LL.D. of Burlington-house, Fulham, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late William Howard, esq. of Fulham, on the 15th ult. at All Saints', Fulham.

WRIGHT. Phillip, esq. B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, of Birkenhead, Cheshire, to Sarah Louisa, eldest daughter of the Rev. Robert Govett, M.A. vicar of Staines, on the 25th ult. at Staines Church.

DEATHS.

BIRTLES. Major Henry, on the 13th ult. at his residence, 66, Pembroke-place, Liverpool. This gallant officer served with distinguished merit in Holland and the Peninsular war.

HODSON. Anne, relict of the Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D.D. Principal of Brasenose College, Canon of Christchurch, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, on the 23rd ult. at her residence, 22, Pulteney-street, Bath.

JERMYN. the Lady Katherine, of confluent small-pox, on the 9th ult. in Eaton-place.

MURRAY. the Hon. Lady, widow of Lieutenant-General Sir John Murray, bart. on the 10th ult. at Turin.

SCOTT. Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Thomas Scott, Captain in the 70th Regiment and brother of the late Sir Walter Scott, the first Baronet of Abbotsford, on the 13th ult. at her residence, in St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, aged 73.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

45, New King-street, Bath.

SIR,—I have had several interesting acknowledgments of my late articles inserted in your journal. This to me is a flattering sign that such *supererogatory deeds* as these mental electrical influences have been hitherto considered, seem yet to promise a decorous attention, and, may be, we shall yet see in this our day neighbours healing their neighbours, and not fearing the GHOSTLY "VISITES" which these wonders we are working discover. However,

be it as it may, society must model to the laws of good, and use power for good. But, if it so is, that the evils are such that they will not bear daylight, then, indeed, the establishing a belief from so many incontestable proofs that these MENTAL TRAVELLERS *do really*, not only penetrate our mansions unknown to us! *anatomise our frames!* and detect our ailments—giving, with their descriptions, ready prescriptions, frequently after nature's simplest laws—and entering equally easily into the recesses of our thoughts, distances over land or sea offering no obstacle, is a matter for interesting inquiry?

It is indeed, Sir, to me a class of experiments above all others I have wished to follow closely up. I have several times recorded facts of curative physical results; but my pleasure now will be to see how far we could do good upon the moral and mental ills to which we may have occasion to direct these travellers!! But, first, perhaps we should give a few more proofs to confirm the fact of thought-reading. Anecdote, rendered literally, may be the most satisfactory method.

Mr. — wishes you to go to see his brother —.

How can I— which way must I go. I don't know his brother. But stop—I have not looked into Mr. —'s thoughts; I must look at them before I go anywhere, for I know the thoughts have something to do with the illness—don't you think so?

Perhaps they have.

There, then, now be quiet; you should not talk to me, it puts me out when I am looking at his thoughts. I see some troubles—something about some alterations; I see books, maps, and accounts. Am I right?

I cannot help you. Please to give your attention to your journey.

Well, then, now I am at that church I was at the other night when you stopped me coming home with Mr. — in the carriage. You said he was not in that carriage, and I said he was; so I went on: and this is the same church I came to. I had a troublesome journey, and it tired me very much. There are alterations going on. The church has a spire—very beautiful white church. This is the same church I went to the last time you magnetised me: I went over it, but he was not there.

Then you went to his house to look for him?

I know that; and I looked into all the houses in — before I found him.

Now I wish you to go to that same house, and look for his brother.

Well, then, stop a bit—I'll go. Now I am come to the green window-shutters and thick trees—bushes—that's the house. Now I'm in the same room; but there is no one there, that I can see. There is a black sofa—an old-fashioned fire-grate, all bright polished bars, and two bright steel polished knobs, like a kitchen range grate. There is a clock, and I see some pictures. Am I right?

Yes, you are—in the right house. Now look for the sick man.

Must I go up one pair stairs?

Yes.

But I can't open the door. How I am pushing—but the door sticks so—I can't get it open. (Half crying in anguish.)

Never mind, wait a little; I will try for you, rest a little.

(In a few minutes.)

There, I am in now. There he lies. I see him. I am standing over him. Has he not tightness in breathing?

(Mr. — said yes.)

Yes, I know he has. Poor man, he won't live two months—(checking herself)—no, but one can't say that—one can't tell for two months.

I said, "No; we cannot limit life."

Help me, Mrs. Jones. Did I say two months? It is hard to say two months.

Well, pass on, and think upon his disease.

I see his heart—it is swollen, poor man. I see his heart; any flurry is bad for him—he can't bear flurry. I see his heart so plain—it is a wonderful sight to see it, and all the movements of such thousands of parts. His liver is ten times worse than his brother's. His liver is all gone—congealed like. It is bad to look at the inside; it is grievous work.

Yes; but you are doing good.

Am I? then I will look on. You think I am doing good?

Certainly.

I am looking at him. Does he not drink strong drinks?

Not that I am aware of; I should say not.

Ah, well then, his lungs are decayed. I think he will go suddenly. His heart is swollen. There is a

hard red knob under where the lungs come. The lungs are much gone. Poor man, I see all so clear. Now I shall go to his head; his head is not like his brother's—nothing so beautiful—nothing so shining. His thoughts are more on business—the works—the buildings, and such like. He is in such a worry to be sure; he has a hard knob where I am looking. I see on that knob all he is thinking on. I see some men—they are masons—and another man. Yes; he will come to Bath; or send about this man. I see the man—he is a mason.

(This was a fact, which happened the next day.)

(I put my finger on her head—on constructiveness.) Is that the place on his head where he is thinking?

(She started up.)

Yes; just that place.

(I touched the same organ on the opposite side.)

Yes; on both those two hard knobs—that's just where he is thinking; but he has not half so beautiful a brain as his brother.

(I put the palm of my hand on her head all along the roof.)

Is that where his brother thinks?

Yes; he thinks all over there—wheels and wheels—all things; but his brother's thoughts are like his thoughts for all that; but that is not his employment. He thinks most on those hard knobs.

Has he any one with him who cares for him?

No; nobody. There is a woman standing so—by his bed; but she don't care for him—no, not a bit. She is a thin person, dressed in dark, marked with the small-pox.

What coloured eyes has she?

I can't see the colour of her eyes; she has her hand up to them; but she is thinking about marriage—that's what she is on—and what she shall get by his death—that's all she is on. I can see her thoughts plain enough. The dear poor man, what a sad state; do you think she is any relation?

Yes; she is his sister.

Oh! well, then, the man don't care to marry her. He will not make her a good husband; he wants to get her money without marrying her. I see money in her thoughts; it seems as if she had given him some—am I right?

Yes; quite right.

Then she wants to make it up out of her poor sick brother. O dear! I see the man; I don't mean that the man is there, but I have BOTH THEIR thoughts in mine. I see she wants to marry, but he had rather get all he can from her. He wants to set up in business; I think that's his thoughts, but I am not sure. Can't you help me, Mrs. Jones?

Yes; I am with you, I never saw the man, and I know nothing of the woman in this matter; so you must tell me yourself.

I never saw the person before, but she is clear before me now.

Is there any one else in the house?

Yes, there is one shorter than this one. She is making something for him to take. She is kinder a deal. I am tired; let me go to sleep a bit. I can't look any more to-night; You won't make me, will you?

No.

In half an hour I woke her.

In this detail we have a grouping of five distinct sets of thoughts, among strangers, eight miles distant.

One other instance of searching power I will give very briefly.

We had occasion, by pre-arrangement, to send her to Brighton. The party, house, and room were unknown to me, so that we had some embarrassments to contend with. She said she was in the room, and, from her description, 'proved to be right; but she said the room was dark, and no one was in it. I told her to wait there till some one came, and, in the mean time, to look about her, and tell me if there were any books, &c. on the table. She said yes, there was a book.

Has it pictures, is it poetry, or what is it about?

There are no pictures; it is a hard book, as hard as Latin or Greek—too hard for me. You could read it, but you know I am no scholar.

Will you be so good as to spell the title-page? just give me the letters.

After some considerable efforts she spelt, very cautiously and slowly, A—R—C—we could not get her beyond these letters. She tried several times; but said the letters danced before her, and got misty.

My Brighton friend gave testimony as to the book thus—a volume of the *Arcana Caelestia* was the book at that time lying on the table.

This is an important fact. I have not yet had an opportunity of trying her again in this class of lucid reading through closed books; but no doubt, as her sight strengthens, she may be induced to try to read a sentence.

LAVINIA E. C. JONES.

Mr. SPENCER T. HALL.—We are glad to learn that this excellent and amiable gentleman, in whom our readers so kindly interested themselves during his late afflictions, is restored to health, and about to resume his labours in the diffusion of the principles and facts of mental philosophy, and the uses as well as curiosities of mesmerism. He has announced a series of lectures at Crosby Hall, which, no doubt, will be well attended. Mr. Spencer Hall is no charlatan; but he approaches his subject with a consciousness of its difficulties and as a humble inquirer after truth, rather than as a dogmatist. Besides, there is this satisfaction for his audience, that he is honest itself; he never utters a word of the truth of which he is not satisfied, and he would die rather than be a party to the slightest deception in any experiment. The consequence is, that wherever he goes he convinces. You may question his arguments, you cannot doubt his honesty.

A CURIOUS case of somnambulism has occurred at Brampton Moor. The daughter of Mr. Cunningham, a fancy-turner, rose during the night, left the dwelling-house, went a hundred yards to the engine-house, lighted a fire under the boiler, returned home, and, not being able to open the house-door, roused her father, and told him to "go to work, for the steam was up." Mr. Cunningham hastened to the engine-house, and found the steam roaring from the boiler. On his return his daughter was still asleep, and when awakened she had no knowledge of what she had done: she had not been accustomed to do anything with the engine.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At a meeting of this society held on Saturday, the Right Hon. Lord Sondes in the chair, a ballot took place, and the following ladies and gentlemen were elected fellows of the society:—His grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Miss Eades, Miss J. Tottingham, Miss F. Wilson, Captain C. Twistleton Graves, Tobias Teape, esq. J. G. Walker, esq. John Graves, esq. which, with those previously admitted, make sixty-two fellows elected this season.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE amateur actors who have striven so industriously to accumulate a fund wherewith to enable the complete renovation and endowment of Shakespeare's house, are about to renew their efforts. They propose to perform the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Every Man Out of his Humour*, at London, Birmingham, and Stratford-on-Avon. This proposal has been accompanied by a condition that in the event of an endowment being formed, the management of the house at Stratford shall be offered to Mr. Sheridan Knowles. The performances in London are arranged to take place on the 15th or 17th of May.—Mr. Jacob Astor, the founder of the colony Astoria, has recently died at New York.—At the late sale of the books of Charles Lamb, at New York, crowds rushed to compete for their possession, and they fetched high prices.—The Conway Tubular Bridge has been permanently fixed. The reporters' accounts state that very heavy trains have passed through it at a rapid speed, and that not the slightest deflection has been perceptible.—It has been decided that there is no legal objection to the introduction of books printed abroad in the English language, and sent hither: the usual duties must of course be paid. Even with this disadvantage continental printers can afford to under-work our English establishments in the charges for production.—A Roman coin of Antoninus Pius was last week discovered in Leicester. It was of brass, in fine preservation, and about the size of a penny piece of George the Third's reign.—The widow of that great and enterprising traveller, Belzoni, is now living in a state of the greatest destitution at Brussels. She is an aged woman; she is also an Englishwoman; and yet in the whole of the last winter, which was unusually inclement in Belgium, she had not the means once to procure herself a meal of animal food, and could scarcely obtain sufficient to sustain life upon the cheapest vegetable diet. Some time since, Sir R. Peel, when

in power, allowed her a pension of 100*l.* a year for three years, which she piously, though perhaps not wisely, devoted to the republication of her beloved husband's works. But that source ceased, and year after year she has been sinking deeper and deeper into distress and despair. Surely it is only to mention these facts to induce the benevolent people of England to relieve the destitution of one so closely connected with him to whom literature and learning are so deeply indebted.—The Chevalier Carl Johan Schönher, the entomologist, died at his estate Sparreäter, in Sweden, on the 28th of March, in the 76th year of his age. He was a member of the Royal Society of Stockholm, of the Entomological Society of London, and of numerous other learned societies in his own country and abroad.—Professor Samuel Cooper, after having occupied the chair of surgery at University College for seventeen years, has resigned the appointment, finding (to use his own words), "it impossible to concur with one or two professors, who have power, as to the claims of certain gentlemen connected with the school, and who, as regards the profession, have some degree of claim," alluding to the recent appointment of Professor Syme, to the exclusion of the many able surgeons educated at this University, who naturally expected to have succeeded the late lamented Mr. Liston.—The King of the Belgians has commanded the restoration of the Palace at Antwerp.

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J. Dalby, 46, Strand, Inventor of Dalby's celebrated Nervous Chloroform Balm.

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SIR,—Having been wonderfully restored from a state of great suffering, illness, and debility, by the use of your Pills and Ointment, I think it right, for the sake of others, to make my case known to you. For the last two years I was afflicted with violent Scorbatic Eruption, which completely covered my chest, and other parts of my body, causing such violent pain, that I can in truth say, that for months I was not able to get sleep for more than a very short time together. I applied here to all the principal medical men, as also to those in Birmingham, without getting the least relief; at last I was recommended, by Mr. Thomas Simpson, Stationer, Market-place, to try your Pills and Ointment, which I did, and I am happy to say that I may consider myself as thoroughly cured: I can now sleep all the night through, and the pains in my back and limbs have entirely left me.
(Signed) RICHARD HAVELL.

To Professor Holloway.
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"Imperial Ukase.—Russian Consulate-General in Great Britain.

"London, the 2nd of December, 1847.
"The Consul-General has been ordered to inform Messrs. Du Barry and Co. that the powders (the Revalenta Arabica) they had inclosed in their petition to his Majesty the Emperor, have, by *imperial permission*, been forwarded to the Minister of the Imperial Palace."

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"My DEAR SIR,—I have taken the Arabica Revalenta for the last six weeks twice a day, and have great pleasure in bearing witness to its efficacy. For years before I had recourse to this excellent food, I had been tormented more or less by dyspepsia. I am now enjoying perfect digestion and all the consequent advantages.

"I am, my dear sir, your truly obliged friend,
"CHARLES WILKINS, S.L."

"A Monsieur Du Barry."
"DEAR SIR," 50, Holborn, 22nd Dec. 1847.
"I have much pleasure in informing you that I have derived considerable benefit from the use of the Revalenta Arabica."

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"Frenchay Rectory, near Bristol, Dec. 9, 1847.
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(Rev.) "THOMAS MINSTER."
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"JAMES SHOBLAND, late Surgeon, 90th Reg."

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June 2, 1848.

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This Chocolate contains the peculiar virtues of the Sassafras Root, which has been long held in great estimation for its purifying and alterative properties. The aromatic quality (which is very grateful to the stomach) most invalids require for breakfast and evening repast, to promote digestion and to a deficiency of this property in the customary breakfast and supper, may in a great measure be attributed the frequency of cases of indigestion generally termed bilious. It has been found highly beneficial in correcting the state of the digestive organs, &c. from whence arise many diseases, such as eruptions of the skin, gout, rheumatism, and scrofula. In cases of debility of the stomach, and a sluggish state of the liver and intestines, occasioning flatulence, costiveness, &c. and in spasmodic asthma, it is much recommended.

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"Upon all former occasions we were martyrs to seasickness, and we think it a great blessing that travellers may now enjoy such health and comfort at sea, as we derived from the use of this delightful drink. "THE DISTIN FAMILY."
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CAUTION.—In order to avoid the danger of concretions and sediments, which result from the use of over saturated and unchemical compounds made by non-medical persons, the public will please to observe, that Sir James Murray's Pure Fluid Magnesia is prepared of that proportion of strength which is conformable to the laws of chemical equivalents, and which has been proved in hospital and private practice, during the last thirty years, to be the best adapted for the human stomach, and the most suitable for the treatment of females and children.

Sold by the sole consignees, Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, of North-street, Wolverhampton, and all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. The Acidulated Syrup, in bottles 2s. each.

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